THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1806.

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Sporting Intelligence Extra, containing a Correct Statement of all the Sweepstakes, Matches, &c. to be run in the present Year, 1806··41—52

Embellished with, I. *A beautiful Engraving, by Scott, of the celebrated Greyhound, Spot, the property of Mr. Gardner, of Enfield, Middlesex.*

II. *An Engraving of Mr Mellish's Hunting Lodge, at Chingford Green.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL Poetical, as well as Prose Communications are received, and will appear in due time.

J. J. B. — S. S. — &c. &c. are received.

We perfectly recognise our Old Classical Friend who sent us "The Chickeno-Gulleyad" from Oxford;—his favour appears in the Poetical Department of our present Number.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Scott sc.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR FEBRUARY, 1806.

SPOT.

A Beautiful Engraving, by Scott.

THIS Greyhound, so admirably depicted in the annexed plate, is the property of Mr Gardner of Enfield, Middlesex. Spot is of Wiltshire origin; his dam was a famous bitch, and well known in the northern part of the county, near Calne, where she has several times coursed hares with such determined perseverance, as to be found completely exhausted, with scarce any signs of life in her, and the dead hare by her side.

Spot is likewise well known at Enfield, Hatfield Park, &c. He is remarkably handsome, and is an ever winning dog. He has this season, 1806, killed eighteen brace of hares; and has never yet been beaten!

COURSING.

MALTON MEETING.

THERE was a very thin attendance of Members the first day, in consequence of which a number of the matches became forfeited; and though there appeared on the match-book more engagements than ever were known, there was an actual want of matches to fill up the first day's sport.

THE PRIZE CUP—After a most severe course of two miles, was declared as follows:—

Major Topham's dog, Galliard, (Derbyshire breed)	1
Mr Slingsby's b. b. Serpent	2
Mr Best's dog Shylock	3
Mr Croft's b. dog Cymon	4

The Hare was not killed.

Five matches, betwixt Mr Best and Mr Darley were off by consent.

Mr Lee forfeited six matches to Mr Best.

Mr Darley's Driver forfeited to Major Topham's Snowdrop.

Mr Thompson's Tib forfeited a piece of Plate, of 10gs value, to Mr Best's Hawk.

Mr Percival forfeited three matches to Major Topham.

Mr Darley's Dent forfeited to Mr Slingsby's Harpy.

Mr Thompson forfeited two matches to Mr Croft.

WEDNESDAY.—Sir Mark Masterman Sykes's foxhounds hunted Kirkham Woods, and killed a brace of foxes in a very handsome style. One of the runs was uncommonly sharp.

This

This being a bye-day, the Coursing was in Settrington Field, where a number of hares were started, and only a brace killed.

THURSDAY.—The Coursing was this day over Wharram, when the following matches were run:

MATCHES.

WON.	LOST.
Mr Best	Major Topham ...
Major Topham ...	Mr Best ....
Major Topham ...	Mr Livesey......
Major Topham ...	Mr Livesey......
Major Topham ...	Mr Livesey......
Mr Slingsby	Major Topham ...

POST MATCHES.

WON.	LOST.
Mr Lascelles	Major Topham....
Mr Slingsby......	Mr Best ....
Mr Slingsby......	Mr Best ....
Mr Slingsby (und.)	Mr Croft ....

The Hares were very wild, and only a brace were killed.

FRIDAY.—The foxhounds threw off at Aldby Park, but from the inclemency of the weather no foxes were found.

ON THE HIGH WOLDS.

MONDAY, Feb. 17.—The match for 40gs between Major Topham's bl. dog, Snowdrop, and Mr Ormbler's white dog, Roman, a son of Lord Yarborough's celebrated dog, Regent, borrowed by Mr Lee, was forfeited to Snowdrop, to the great disappointment of a numerous field, who had assembled to witness a match of greyhounds, which had been so much talked of.

Snowdrop having never been beaten, and having had the whole of his late matches forfeited to him, the owner declared he never should run a public match again, but be kept for his breed.

Nearly 150 horsemen, from Holderness, Bridlington, and the adjacent country, being assembled to see the match—for the amusement of the company, a course was run betwixt Snowdrop and the Major's dog Galliard, the winner of the Cup at Malton, when, after a very short course, the hare was killed by Snowdrop, who won the match easily.

AT NEWMARKET.

CHEVELY FIELD.—MONDAY, FEB. 10.

Mr Hammond's Witchcraft beat Mr Mosely's Bran, 1 and 4 bye.

Mr Tyssen's Tug beat Mr Mosely's Bragela, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr Mellish's Antic beat Mr Lovelace's Magic, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr Mellish's Antelope rec. ft. from M. Hammond's Woodbine.

Mr Lovelace's Myrtle rec. ft. from Mr Mosely's Blackberry.

Mr Hammond's Wanton agst Mr Readhead's Fly, 1 and 4 bye, undecided.

Mr Lovelace's Merryman agst Mr Corsellis's Castle, 1 and 1 bye, undecided.

CHIPPENHAM FIELD.—TUESDAY, FEB 11.

Mr Moore's Needle beat Sir P. Blake's Boxer, 1g.

Mr Mellish's Arrow beat Mr Hammond's Waggoner, 1g.

Mr Vachel's Pluto beat Mr Hammond's Whirlwind, 1 and 4 bye.

Mr Lovelace's Monkey beat Mr Galwey's Hero, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr Tyssen's Tivoli beat Sir P. Blake's Blanche, 1g.

Mr Vachel's Sparrow beat Mr Readhead's Swift, 1g.

Mr Mosely's Blight beat Mr Readhead's Fly, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr Tyssen's Thaïs beat Sir P. Blake's Belle, 1g.

Sir P. Blake's Beatrice beat Mr Tyssen's Trip, 1g.

Sir P. Blake's Bustler agst Mr Page's Kite, 1g, undecided.

Mr Mellish's Ambo agst Mr Corsellis's Crisis, 1g, undecided.

Mr Mellish's Ariel agst Mr James's Yorick, 1g, undecided.

BABRAHAM

BABRAHAM FIELD.—WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12.

Mr Mellish's Arrow beat Mr Wright's Virtue, 1 and 4 bye.

Mr Wright's (Captain Watkins) Spite, beat Mr Mellish's Atlas, 1 and 4 bye.

Mr Wright's Twink beat Mr Mellish's Antelope, 1 and 4 bye.

Mr Mellish's Adela, beat Mr Wright's Thisbe, 1 and 4 bye.

Mr Mellish's Antic beat Mr Wright's Patriarch, 1 and 4 bye.

Mr Lovelace's Maiden beat Mr Mosely's Bragela, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr Evans's Escape beat Sir P. Blake's Brimstone, 1g.

Mr Evans's Fate beat Sir P. Blake's Boss, 1g.

Mr Mellish's Arrow beat Mr Wright's (Captain Watkins) Spite, 1 and 9 bye.

Mr Mellish's Artful beat Mr Wright's Catch, 1 and 4 bye.

Mr Wright's Twink beat Mr Mellish's Antelope, 1 and 9 bye.

Lord F. G. Osborne's Old Smut agst Mr Lovelace's Myrtle, undecided.

DULLINGHAM FIELD.—THURSDAY, FEB. 13.

Mr Page's Kite beat Sir P. Blake's Bustler, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr Galwey's Hero beat Mr Hammond's Witchcraft, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr Hammond's Wanton beat Mr Evans's Escape, 1g.

Mr Mellish's Artful beat Mr Tyssen's Tasty, 1g.

Mr Mellish's Adela beat Mr Wright's Thisbe, 1 and 4 bye.

Mr Mellish's Archer agst Mr Dover's Daphne, 1g, undecided.

Mr Mellish's Adela, agst Mr Wright's Thisbe, 1g, undecided.

CHIPPENHAM FIELD.—FRIDAY, FEB. 14.

Mr Mellish's Artful beat Mr Hammond's Wanton, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr Tyssen's Tug beat Mr Mellish's Arrow 1 and 4 bye.

Mr Readhead's Fly beat Mr Mosely's Blight, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr Lovelace's Monkey beat Sir P. Blake's Brindle, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr Tyssen's Tivoli beat Mr Hammond's Waggoner, 1g.

Sir P. Blake's Blackberry beat Mr Tharp's Grasshopper, 1g.

Mr Mellish's Arrow beat Mr Hammond's Waggoner, 1g.

Mr Lovelace's Myrtle beat Mr Mellish's Archer, 1 and 1 bye.

Mr Lovelace's Maiden beat Mr Mellish's Active, 1 and 4 bye.

Sir P. Blake's Beatrice agst Mr Tyssen's Thaïs, 1g, undecided.

Sir P. Blake's Belle agst Mr Tyssen's Trip, 1g, undecided.

Mr Mosely's Blackberry pd. ft. to Mr Moore's Needle.

Mr Mellish's Actress agst Mr Lovelace's Magic, 1 and 4 bye, undecided.

INFORMATIONS ON THE GAME LAWS.

ON Tuesday, the 18th instant, came on to be heard before the bench of Justices at Oakingham, Berks, the seventh information under the Game Laws, laid by Alex. Cobham, Esq. the Lord of the Manor of Shinfield, against respectable men of Reading, for carrying a gun upon the limits of his manor—all of whom have regularly taken out the annual sporting certificate—when, after a fair hearing, the information against Mr. William Mason, a very respectable mealman, who was snipe shooting on the banks of the river Loddon, was dismissed, as the former six informations had before been, the informer not being able to substantiate his charge.

It is a pity that there is not some alteration made in the Game Laws. As they now stand, a man pays annually three pounds four shillings to enable him to carry his gun; the which having in his possession out of the highway, subjects him to a litigious information for a penalty of five pounds, by a person who is no sportsman, nor at any expence for the preservation of a head of game.

Reading, Feb. 20, 1806.

BOXING.

BOXING.

MENDOZA'S LETTER.

WHEN a man feels himself aggrieved, we see no impropriety in his getting some one better versed in writing than himself to draw up his case.—This, it appears, Daniel Mendoza has done, by a newspaper appeal, in the following terms:

To the Editor of the Daily Advertiser, Oracle, and True Briton.

MR. EDITOR.——After my frequent resolutions never again to appear before the Public in the character of a fighter on the stage, and which resolutions I have for years carefully and rigidly persevered in, it may perhaps be incumbent upon me to state to that Public, whose partiality I have so often experienced, the cause of my acceptance of a challenge from a person by no means entitled to the smallest lenity.

Some weeks ago, I unfortunately visited Harry Lee, then in temporary lodgings under the roof of a sheriff's officer. He was then in *durance vile* on two actions.—He told me a long and a piteous tale about his hardships, and the injustice and cruelty of his creditors.—He assured me, that, if I would become one of his bail, he would then be enabled to obtain his liberty; and that he should take special care that I should not suffer, as he would settle or discharge both actions as soon as he got out of his present confinement.

Notwithstanding I am not *now* very apt to act the part of a fool on such an occasion, having already sustained, at various times, considerable losses by former acts of credulity, and consequently become wiser by dear-bought experience, I listened to his statements, and gave an implicit belief to all his declarations. It being found that my bail alone would not give legal satisfaction, I persuaded my brother and another friend, to join in the bail-bond; giving them, like gentlemen in a certain great house, a bill of indemnity. I was induced to go this length to serve him, because Harry Lee assured me that he had no person to befriend him; that the officers would not take his word for a single copper; and that unless I stood up to *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*, through the medium of my two friends, he would be immediately committed to prison, whence, with detainers, &c. &c. &c. it would be impossible for years, perhaps, to obtain a release. All the ceremonies which the law requires being gone through, Harry Lee marched out with all the honours usually attending such a war.

But mark, gentle reader! as soon as the said Harry Lee obtained his liberty, he refused to comply with his solemn engagement. He, indeed, settled one of the actions; but would neither surrender himself nor settle the other. The consequence was obvious. Having indemnified my brother and my friend, we were obliged to pay, with the exception of fourteen pounds, the whole sum as smart-money for having been duped by Harry Lee.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am of opinion, that if a man cannot satisfy his creditors, he ought *in honour*, to release his bail, by the surrender of his person, which Harry Lee *positively refused*. He was, however, not contented with this abominable usage of me; he went up and down the town circulating calumnies and lies

lies against me, and threatened to beat me as soon as he found an opportunity. In short he gave me such a challenge, that I could not, consistent with honour or propriety, refuse. I pledge myself to the truth of this statement; and am ready to make an affidavit in confirmation of these facts, before any magistrate.

The black ingratitude of Harry Lee is now very conspicuous. After cheating, deceiving, and I may say, robbing his *friend in need*, he now wants to give him *a licking into the bargain;* but I have no doubt but that I shall *stop* his carreer, and *put in* a blow of just indignation and honourable resentment, against a man whose conduct is a disgrace to any rank of life. I am, much against my inclination, forced to the fight—not from any fear of Harry Lee, but from a sense of violating those rules for a quiet and peaceable conduct in which I had resolved to pass the remainder of my life. He who has been successful in upwards of thirty pitched battles—he who has disputed the palm of victory with the first and ablest men of his time—cannot surely be apprehensive of danger, either to his person or reputation, from Harry Lee!! I know, that " the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but that time and chance happeneth to all men." Barring, however, all unforeseen accidents, I am fully persuaded that I shall make Harry sorely repent his unprovoked insolence. But I shall not gain by the contest the smallest sprig of laurel, because Harry Lee has none to lose. I am sorry thus to occupy the time of the Public, and am,

Mr. Editor, your's, &c.

DL. MENDOZA.

No 5, Webber-row, Blackfriars-road,
Feb. 17, 1806.

COLONEL THORNTON AND MR. FLINT.

Court of King's Bench, Feb 3.

THE KING *v.* FLINT, ESQ.

THIS was a rule obtained last term by Mr. Garrow, for filing a criminal information against the defendant, for a libel, a challenge, and a personal assault upon Colonel Thornton, of sporting celebrity. The affair originated in the race between Mrs. Thornton and Mr. Flint, for 1000 guineas, which the latter won, but which the Col. afterwards got quit of, by saying that it was only a sham bet, and announced merely as a thing likely to draw company to the races.

Messrs. Erskine, Park, and Rayner shewed cause against the rule's being made absolute, and contended generally that it was a case in which the court, consistently with the dignity of its process, could not interpose. The affidavit of Mr. Flint was also read, in which he deposed, that the bet was a *bona fide* one, and had he lost he should have felt himself bound in honour to have paid it. The Jockey-Club at York had also declared the bet to be fairly laid and won, on the application to them by the Colonel. Mr. Flint added, that when he found the Colonel persisted in not paying him, he also applied to the Jockey-Club, in his presence, to know what was to be done; and the whole company with one voice exclaimed *horse-whip him* if he won't pay. He had then some farther altercation with the Colonel, who not only struck him, but bit his arm. He then went out of the coffee-room at York, and purchased a horse-whip; but he solemnly denied his having asked for a strong and a heavy whip, or that he told the sadler he wanted to flog Colonel

Colonel Thornton with it. He took the whip to the race-course, and having first called the Colonel out, he proceeded to horse-whip him in the principal stand, and before all the spectators. They were both taken into custody by order of the mayor, and individually bound over to keep the peace. The deponent added, that in that proceeding, he thought the business had finished, and that he should hear no more of the Colonel. The affidavit went on to state, that the Colonel had invited the deponent to Thornville Royal, and had given him nothing but *stale bread* and *sour small beer*, together with other facts equally irrelevant and ridiculous.

Mr. Garrow and Mr. Jones, on the other side, insisted, that the prosecutor, as a gentleman and a magistrate, was entitled to the protection of the Court. Col. Thornton, the learned counsel stated, was a man of hospitable, friendly, and social manners; and at whose splendid table Mr. Flint had frequently been entertained; that the attack upon him, therefore, was as ungrateful as it was unmannerly; and they trusted the Court would make the rule absolute.

Lord Ellenborough said, it would be derogating from the dignity of the Court to exert its authority upon such an occasion as this. Colonel Thornton had made his election.—He had thought proper, in the first instance, to apply to the Jockey-Club; consequently he could have no pretence for a subsequent appeal to this Court. The conduct of Col. Thornton, in suffering Mrs. Thornton to ride a match at York Races, had been such, that the Court could not consider itself called upon to interpose its extraordinary powers, by granting a criminal information for an assault originating in such a subject. The Colonel might, if he pleased, pursue the ordinary course, by going before a grand jury, and preferring a bill of indictment against Mr. Flint—but the rule must be discharged.

IMPROVEMENTS IN DONCASTER RACE GROUND &c.

MR. EDITOR,

SPORTING amateurs will be highly gratified with the very great improvement made on this Course, which several respectable gentlemen of the Turf pronounce to be the completest in the kingdom. The Grand Stand, the alteration of which commenced last year, being now finished, is a most beautiful edifice, and we believe may vie with any piece of architecture of the kind ever erected. The introduction of Ionic pillars, instead of the arches at each end, which communicated with the wings lately added, gives the room an elegant and light appearance. The building extends in front upwards of 120 feet. The new Course, which is 15 feet wider than the old one, is thrown more than 20 yards farther from the Stand, by which every spectator on it will have a full view of the horses coming in; the want of which was heretofore an inconvenience much complained of: and the old ground on one side, with a new exercising course on the other, are entirely left for the accommodation of the foot people during the time of running.

There is also a new Steward's Stand built in an octagon form, and a separate box within it, which entirely secludes the Judge from the company.

THE

THE

PEDIGREE & PERFORMANCES

Of the celebrated and speedy Horse

EAGLE,

Own Brother to Spread-Eagle, Splitpigeon, &c.

Bred by Sir F. STANDISH, Bart.

HE was got by Volunteer; his dam by Highflyer; grandam by Engineer; great grandam (Bay Malton's dam) by Cade, out of Mr. Clarke's Lass of the Mill, own sister to the grandam of Melpomene, North-Star, Atalanta, &c.—*Atalanta* was the dam of Mr. Garforth's *Faith*, who bred the two famous runners *Marcia* and *Vesta*.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1799, EAGLE, (rising three years old) received 85gs compromise from Kite, by Buzzard, 8st 4lb each, R. M. 300gs, h. ft. In the First Spring Meeting, He won the first Class of a Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. (Six Subscribers); colts 8st 5lb, fillies 8st 2lb, across the Flat, beating Kite, Bellina, and Rubbish:—Six to 4 on Eagle. In the Second October Meeting, He won a Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft. (Sixteen Subscribers); colts 8st 3lb, fillies 8st, across the Flat, beating Sorcerer, (who received back his stake), Kite, Rebel, &c.—Seven to 2 agst Eagle.

At York August Meeting, 1800, EAGLE, (four years old) won a Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. (Seven Subscribers); 8st 7lb each, three miles, beating Kite and Idler: (Five to 2 against Eagle.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1801, EAGLE, 8st 9lb, (rising five years old) won the Craven Stakes of 100gs each, (Eleven Subscribers) for all ages, across the Flat, beating Worthy, 5 years old, 9st 1lb; Alston, 3 yrs old, 8st; First Fruits, 3 years old, 8st; Ploughboy, 6 years old, 9st 5lb; Sir Sidney, 3 years old, 8st; Robin Redbreast, 4 years old, 8st 9lb; and Thaïs, 2 years old, 6st. ——Werter, 6 years old, 9st 5lb; and Tabitha, 4 years old, 8st 9lb, paid:—(Six to 4 on Worthy, and 3 to 1 agst Eagle. In the First Spring Meeting, He beat Chippenham, 8st each, across the Flat, 200gs:—Six to 5 on Eagle. These were his only engagements that year.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1802, EAGLE, (rising six years old) received forfeit from Rolla, by Overton, 8st, across the Flat, 300gs, h. ft. In the Second October Meeting, at 9st 5lb, He was second to Rebel, 6 years old, 8st 3lb, for the Oatlands' Stakes, Bunbury Mile, beating Georgiana, 5 years old, 7st 10lb; Gulliver, 3 years old, 6st; Penelope, 4 years old, 7st 10lb; Bobtail, aged, 9st 4lb; Squire Teazle, 4 years old, 7st 6lb; Quick 5 years old, 7st 6lb; and Piscator, 3 years old, 6st 5lb. These were his only engagements that year.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1803, EAGLE, 9st 5lb, (rising 7 yrs old) won the Craven Stakes of 10gs each, across the Flat, beating very easy Rumbo, 2 years old, 6st; Orange-Flower, 4 years old, 8st 9lb; Northampton, 3 years old, 8st; Flambeau, 4 years old, 8st 9lb; Rebel, 6 years old, 9st 5lb; and Strathspey, 3 years old, 8st.—Six to 4 on Eagle. In the Second October Meeting, at 9st 7lb, He was beat by Whirligig, 5 years old, 7st 10lb; and Orlando, 4 years old, 8st 3lb, for the Oatlands' Stakes, R. M. beating Northampton, 4 years old, 7st 7lb; Rebel, aged, 8st 13lb; and Laura, 3 years old, 6st 10lb. These were his only engagements that year. EAGLE was then sold to Mr. H. F. Mellish for 800gs.

At

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1804, EAGLE, 8st 6lb, (rising eight years old) beat Bobtail, aged, 8st 1lb, the Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs:—Seven to 4 on Eagle. In the First Spring Meeting, at 8st 7lb, He received forfeit from Parasol, 3 years old, 7st, the Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft. On Monday, in the First October Meeting, at 8st 7lb, He beat easy Malta, 6 years old, 5st 7lb, Ab. M. 500gs:—Six to 4 on Eagle. And on Thursday, at 8st 10lb, He beat easy Pic Nic, 5 years old, 6st, the Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs:—Six to 5 on Eagle. On Monday, in the Houghton Meeting, at 8st 5lb, He received forfeit from Dick Andrews, aged, 8st 2lb, Ditch Mile, 200gs. And on Wednesday at 9st, He beat Eleanor, 6 years old, 7st 9lb, the Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs:—Eleven to 8 on Eleanor. This was a remarkable fine race, and won by only a neck, and large sums of money were depending on the event.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1805, EAGLE, 9st 7lb, (rising nine years old) beat easy Dreadnought, 4 years old, 5st 8lb, Ab. M. 200gs:—Seven to 4, and 2 to 1 on Eagle. And in the same Meeting, at 9st 7lb, He received forfeit from Malta, 6 years old, 5st 8lb, Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft. In the First Spring Meeting, at 9st 4lb, He beat easy Marianne, 6 years old, 7st 6lb, Ab. M. 200gs:—Seven to 4 on Eagle. In the Second Spring Meeting, at 9st 2lb, He was beat by Bobtail, aged, 8st, Ab. M. 500gs. This was his last engagement.

EAGLE is allowed to be the finest Horse ever seen, and was superior in speed to any Horse in England of his time. He is to cover the ensuing season, at Mr. Richard Prince's, Newmarket, thirty Mares, besides those of his Owner, at 20gs each.

VOLUNTEER, (sire of EAGLE, &c.) was bred by Mr. O'Kelly, and was own brother to Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, Queen Mab, &c. by Eclipse; dam, the old Tartar Mare, by Tartar; grandam by Mogul; Sweepstakes; Bay Bolton; Curwen Bay Barb; Old Spot, out of the Vintner Mare.

At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1783, VOLUNTEER won the Cumberland Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. (Twenty-one Subscribers); colts 8st 3lb, fillies 8st, across the Flat, beating Saltram, Gonzales, Trinidado, Rinaldo, &c.—Six and 7 to 1 against Volunteer. At Ascot Heath, He won a Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. (Fourteen Subscribers); colts 8st 3lb, fillies 8st, one mile, beating Gonzales, Armida, Fortunatus, and Pluto, by Eclipse:——Five to 2 on Volunteer. At Basingstoke, He won a Sweepstakes of 25gs each, (Six Subscribers); colts 8st, fillies 7st 11lb, the last mile and half, beating Spectre, by Herod, &c. And at Winchester, He won a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, (Six Subscribers); two miles, beating two others.

At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1785, He won the renewed 1200gs, a Subscription of 100gs each, (Eight Subscribers); for horses, &c. 8st 7lb each, R. C. beating Champion and Balance, both by Herod;—Seven to 4 agst Volunteer. He also received several forfeits.

VOLUNTEER was beat only twice, viz. for the Derby Stakes, by Saltram, Dungannon, &c. and for the Craven Stakes at Newmarket, in 1786, by Premier, Volatile, and Buzaglio. He also paid two forfeits.

VOLUNTEER

VOLUNTEER was a Stallion in Mr. O'Kelly's Stud, and was sire of the following good runners, viz. Portia, Cælia, Nerissa, Recruit, Scanderbeg, Stirling, Miss Whip, Pepperpot, Viret, Magic, Brighton, Gaoler, Triumvir, Enchantress, and several others.

The HIGHFLYER MARE, (the dam of EAGLE, &c.) was bred by Mr. Tattersall, and sold to Sir F. Standish, Bart. At Chelmsford, in July 1789, She won the Queen's Plate of 100gs, for four years old fillies 8st 7lb each, two-mile heats, beating Nightshade and Isabella. After which, She won 50l. at Lancaster, and twice 50l. at Preston. She was then sent into the Stud, and was also the dam of *Didelot*, by Trumpator, and several others.

THE ROYAL MEUSE *.

AMONG the improvements of modern London, few are more conspicuous than the ranges of stables which now form so frequent an appendage to our streets and squares. Many of these are dignified with an appellation similar to the title of the present article, and Oxford, Portland, Marlborough, Portman, Fitzroy, or Bedford Mews, are familiar to the ears of every passenger; merely because Henry VIII. in consequence of an accidental fire, in 1534, transferred his horses to the place where his ancestors had *mued* their hawks.

Mewe, in its original application, signified a kind of cage, where hawks were kept when they mued, or changed their feathers; whence it was afterwards taken in a more extended sense, and signified a cage of any sort, or even confinement in general.

Long previous to the Norman conquest, hawking was a favourite pastime with the English; our Saxon ancestors perhaps brought it with them from the woods in Germany; and even as late as the reign of Henry III. the best hawks were brought from Norway. In 1250, the stealing of hawks from their mews was deemed worthy of legislative interference—(*Pat.* 34, *Hen.* III. *m.* 2.)—And among the indulgences granted by Edward III. to the Duke of Orleans, while prisoner in London, 1362, none were perhaps more valued than the liberty to hunt and hawk at pleasure.

From the taste of the times, it seems more than propable that every royal palace had a meuse attached to it; although the one at Westminster was the chief. The earliest mention I have found of it is among the wardrobe accounts of Edward I. in 1299, where a payment occurs of two shillings and four pence for winter shoes to Hanekins, the keeper of the mews at Westminster:—

> "Hanekins custodi mutarum Regis apud Westm. pro calciamentis hiemalibus anni presentis, per compotum factum apud Westm. meuse. Janar. anno 1329.—£0 : 2 : 4."

In 1330 Ralph de Manners was made keeper. In 1377 the office was given to Sir Simon Burley, the accomplished favourite of Richard II.——(*Stowe's Survey*, *Ed.* 1755, *Vol.* ii. *p.* 576.)—And seven years

* See an accurate and elegant perspective view of the Royal Stables in the Mews at Charing-cross, with an account of the building, in our Third Volume, page 33.

afterwards we find the celebrated Geoffrey Chaucer appointed, among other offices, to be clerk of the King's works in the palace of Westminster, and in the mews at Charing.

Chaucer, it should seem, was always assembling the materials for poetry; and it is perhaps to the office just mentioned, that we are indebted for the following little simile in Troilus and Cresside—(*Lib.* iii. *l.* 1798.)

And when that he came riding into the town,
Full of his lady from her window down,
As fresh as faucon coming out of mue,
Full ready was him gudely to salue.

In 1390 Sir Baldwin de Bereford, Knight, occurs as master of the royal falcons—(*Pat.* 13, *Ric.* II. *m.* 14.)—And in 1400 the office of master of the mews, with a mansion called the Mew-house annexed, was granted by a patent from Henry VI. to Richard Earl of Salisbury; and Fabian says—(*P.* 7. ccxviii.)—that, a few years after, Lord Rivers and his son were taken hence to Northampton, and beheaded.—Richard III. in the first year of his reign, gave the office to John Grey of Wiltone—(*Harl. MS. fol.* 433, *b.* 53.)

Mr. Pennant—(*Hist. of Lond. p.* 113,)—says, that the office of keeper of the king's falcons was by Charles II. granted to his son by Nell Gwynne, Charles Duke of St. Alban's, and the heirs male of his body.

Henry VIII. was the first of our monarchs who turned the royal meuse into stables, in consequence of a fire which had destroyed the stabling at Bloomsbury.—(*Stowe's Survey, Ed.* 1755, *Vol.* ii. *p.* 576.)

Edward VI. rebuilt them in a more convenient form, but left the finishing to his sister and successor. The present structure was erected in 1732; and, from the buildings with which it is surrounded, may be deemed rather a disgrace than an ornament to Charing-cross.

THE ROSCIO MANIA.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE read, somewhere, that complaint may assuage distress, though it may not completely remove the pain we feel. For my part, I am no scholar; the care of my father having placed me in early youth with an eminent Tobacconist at Aldgate, in which business I have realized a very comfortable fortune, and should be as happy as any married man on this side Temple-Bar, but for a disorder that has lately broke out in my family, and which of late has exhibited most alarming symptoms, accompanied by a strange delirium and convulsion of feature. In short, Sir, I have every reason to conclude, from all appearences, that the younger branches of my family are deeply infected with the prevailing influenza, called "*The Roshio manna.*"

To be circumstantial in the detail of my misfortunes, I begin with my marriage, at the age of thirty-four, to Miss Cleopatra Cabbage, daughter to old Cabbage, the taylor, of Bedford-Bury. I am told, Sir, that it was a saying of Marshal somebody, whose name I forget—indeed I never heard it but once from my friend Wigblock, at club, therefore it could not be one of the city Marshals—that "every bullet has its billet." This observation I find holds good in love, as well as in war, for I stood buff to old

old batchelor long enough to laugh at "Cupid and all his works;" but my bullet was soon billetted, I was shot by the bright eyes of the present Mrs. Pigtail, and soon discovered that she had more than a *remnant* of affection for your humble servant.

Well, Sir, we presently married, and for some time every thing went on smooth; but here comes the rub! my wife, when Miss Cleopatra Cabbage, was always fond of plays; or, as she calls it, "was partial to Theatricals." This partiality, it seems, has lain dormant till within this twelvemonth; and, like fire smothered for a time, it has now raged with a witness! Wife, children, servants, have all a touch of this dramatic lunacy. They have a set of phrases by which, like free-masons, they are known to each other: and, since the town has been running mad after some one they call "Little Betty," nothing is to be heard in my house but scraps of gibberish, written by an idle fellow called *Shikspur*, whom my friend Mr. Wigblock asserted at our club was obliged to fly his country for *Deer-stealing*.

Here's a pretty example to the rising generation! as Parson Thumpcushion used to say, when his congregation fell asleep. This, Sir, is all owing to this young *Russian*, or young *Roshouse*, or whatever he is called.

No later than Tuesday last, returning from Change, I found my family at dinner, for I can assure you, Mr. Editor, they stand on very little ceremony with me.—Well, Sir, on my entering the room, my eldest son Theodosius arose, and with a very pompous wave of his hand pointed to the window, and told me

There was a seat reserved.

And his mother applauded the forward urchin, by bawling, in the tone of a tragedy queen,

Thanks to the Gods! my boy has done his duty.

Now, Sir, I submit to you, whether all this is not very provoking? But the evil does not rest here; the contagion has found its way to the kitchen! Last Saturday, our cookmaid being indisposed in consequence of her walking about the house one night almost naked, when the family were in bed, which she said was acting Lady Macbeth; I say, in consequence of this freak, some draughts were sent by our apothecary; she threw the bottles at the head of Mr. Longbill's journeyman, and bid him

Throw physic to the dogs.

My old servant, Timothy, is as far gone as the rest; when I desired him last week to inform the groom I should want the old grey gelding to ride to Epping Forest, he popped his head out of the window that looks toward the stables, and roared out, with the bleat of a bull-calf,

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.

In short, Mr. Editor, my home is so turned topsy-turvy, that I am more than ever at the club. My good friend Mr. Wigblock, with whom you are a great favourite, has desired me to state matters as they are, in your much-read Magazine, as it may answer the purpose of opening the eyes of parents to the pleasure of being amused by stage-struck children, and their domestic comforts embellished by a spouting wife, with the additional blessing of theatrical servants. I am &c.

PETER PIGTAIL.

Leadenhall Street.

HUMOROUS ANECDOTE.

From the Memoirs of

CHARLES LEE LEWES.

IT is very aptly remarked by Dr. Johnson, that, notwithstanding the numbers who daily depart from the theatre of life, "*nobody is missed*:" to no profession does this observation appear more analogous than to that of a player. One tragedian dies and another steps into his buskins: Mr. Suet drops, but Lord Duberly lives, and occasions as great a roar of laughter as ever. In short, our own experience is sufficient to convince us, that, in the profession of a player particularly, "*nobody is missed*."—

Linnet, while at Hammersmith with his company, expressed a desire to play at Chelsea, but he was informed it was under the controul of a very inflexible magistrate, particularly averse to giving any encouragement to plays or any other amusements.

However, notwithstanding this alarming and seeming insurmountable difficulty, Linnet met with a friend, a gentleman, who wrote a warm recommendatory letter for him to the obdurate magistrate, and gave him assurance of his meeting with success.

Much elated with this encouragement, Linnet boldly pushed to the Justice's house, directing his whole company to proceed to Chelsea, and order a dinner at the Swan, and regale themselves. This mandate was cheerfully complied with, and the eventful letter was delivered according to direction. But what was the purport of this letter! Instead of that which should secure a welcome and support, it was one that menaced the reader with a sudden scene of horror.—'Tis proper to explain.

Then, thus it was:—"The comedy of *The Bold Stroke for a Wife* had been played a few nights before, and old Linnet, resolving on this occasion to make a grand appearance, had put on the stage waistcoat he had worn in the *Colonel*, in one of the pockets of which was a letter, supposed to be sent by the *Colonel's* friend to *Obadiah Prim*, on hearing that the real *Simon Pure* was actually come, which if not timely prevented must ruin the *Colonel's* design upon the cautious quaker. Judge of the magistrate's surprise on opening the supposed letter of recommendation, when he found it began thus:

"*There is a design formed to rob the house and cut your throat.*"——The Justice rang his bell—a servant appeared—"Where is the man that brought this letter?" "In the hall, Sir." "Call him up directly." While the servant was employed in going to fetch up the unconscious culprit, old Quorum read on—

"*The gang, whereof I am one, though now resolved to rob no more,*" —here old Linnet made his appearance.——"Well, friend," says the Justice, "you belong to the *gang*: how many are there of you?" "We are fourteen in all, Sir." "Fourteen! and where are you all?"——"At Tool's, Sir—at the Swan." "Indeed! Oh, very well, you have all your tools at the Swan, have you? I'll take care of you and your tools, presently." Many thanks, Sir;—Squire ...... told me you would encourage us." "Aye, was it he sent you to my house?" "Yes, Sir."—"Well, and when do you intend to begin this grand affair?"—"We always begin about seven o'clock, Sir."——"You do! here Thomas

Thomas, here, seize immediately this daring hardened old villain; he and his whole gang are coming to rob and murder my family this night, and all their horrid tools are at the Swan public house!"——" I did not think this of you," says the servant to Linnet. " What, do you know the fellow, Sirrah?"——" Yes, Sir, he is the master of the play." " A player! and are you not an open and an avowed murderer?" " O Lord, Sir! what do you mean?" " Look at this letter, you hang dog! Did not you deliver this to me?"——Who can describe the innocent Linnet's astonishment upon the discovery of the mistake! " Oh, dear Sir, I beg your pardon, here is Squire ......'s letter; I hope this will satisfy you." " Hold him till I see what's here."——On the perusal of the real letter, his worship's countenance was changed from a savage ferocity to a most placid smile. He immediately dismissed the innocent aggressor, with full permission for his performing; at the same time giving him this piece of wholsome advice—never to forget his part again.

THE LAST WORDS OF A PUNSTER.

MR. EDITOR,

I HERE send you the last words of Tom Ash, a very celebrated punster, who lately died here, as they were exactly taken in short hand. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

QUIVERWIT.

Dublin.

MY FRIENDS—It is time for a man to look *grave*, when he has one foot there; every fit of *coughing* has put me in mind of my *coffin*, though *dissolute* men the seldomest think of *dissolution*. This is a great alteration! I, that supported myself with good *wine*, must now be supported by a *small bier*. A fortuneteller once looked on my hand, and said, " This man is to be a great traveller; he will be at the *Diet of Worms*, and from thence go to *Rot-is-bone*."

Now, seeing I understood this double meaning; I desire to be privately buried, for I think a public funeral looks like *Bury fair*, and the *rites* of the dead too often prove *wrongs* to the living; methinks the word itself best expresses the number, neither *few-nor-all*. A dying man should not think of *obsequies*, but of *ob se quies*. Little did I apprehend you would so soon see *Tom Stown* under a *tombstone*. I find death smells the blood of an Englishman, and a *fee fa*-intly *fum*-bled out will be a weak defence against his *fee-fa-fum*. P. T. are no letters in death's *alphabet*; he has not *half-a-bit* of either. Every thing should put us in mind of death; Physicians assure us, that our very food breeds it in us; so that in our *dieting*, we may be said to *die eating*.—There is something ominous not only in the name of diseases, as *di*-arhœa, *di*-abetis, *dy*-sentery; but even in the drugs designed to preserve life, as *di*-acordium, *di*-apente, *di*-ascordium. I perceive Dr. *Howard*—and I feel *how hard*—thinks I shall *decease* before the *day cease*; but before I die, I desire to give some advice to those that survive me:—Let *gamesters* consider that death is *hazard* and *passage* upon the turn of a *dye*. Let *lawyers* consider it is a very hard *case*. And let *punsters* consider it is hard to *die jesting*, when death is so hard in *digesting*.—Here his breath failed him, and he expired.

MEMORANDA

MEMORANDA OF

DAFYDD AP GWILYM;

OR,

THE MAN WITH TWENTY-FOUR MISTRESSES.

From Bingley's History of North Wales.

WHILE I am speaking in general terms of the island of Anglesea, it may not be improper to introduce to the English reader a few biographical anecdotes of this celebrated Welsh bard.

Dafydd ap Gwilym began and ended his life in the fourteenth century. He died about the year 1398, and there is great reason to suppose that at this time, he was upwards of sixty years of age. The isle of Anglesea, and the county of Cardigan, alike claim the honour of his birth, and there are no documents sufficiently authentic to decide the contention.

His father, Gwilym Gam, was a lineal descendant from the Welsh princes. The traditionary, as well as written accounts extant concerning our bard, seem to prove, that on his mother's friends discovering her to be pregnant, she was turned out of doors; and in this dilemma she put herself under the protection of her lover, who immediately married her. On a subsequent reconciliation with her parents, the boy was taken into the family of one of his uncles, who had him instructed in every kind of learning conducive to a knowledge of poetry.

At the age of fifteen, Dafydd returned to his parents; but being an untractable youth, of wild and ungovernable spirits, he so often lampooned them in his poetical compositions, that he was at length compelled to quit his home, and seek for refuge under the roof of Ifor Hael, a relation of his father, in Cardiganshire.

Ifor employed Dafydd as his steward, and assigned his daughter to his tuition. He had not occupied this situation long before it was discovered that a mutual attachment had taken place between the youthful tutor and his pupil. The consequence to her was an immediate consignment to a nunnery in Anglesea. Her bard followed her to the island, and, disguised as a servant, hired himself to the abbot of a neighbouring monastery, in the hopes of once more obtaining a sight of the object of his wishes, and probably of persuading her to elope with him. Finding, however, that all his endeavours were fruitless, his ardour at length gave way to reflection. He soon afterwards returned to South Wales, and was again received by his generous patron, whose house he found an agreeable asylum for many years. During his residence here he was elected to the chair of the Eisteddfod, the highest bardic honour that he could attain.

Dafydd possessed an elegant person, and this, with his numerous accomplishments, rendered him a great favourite with the fair sex.—He is described to have been tall and slender, and to have had yellow hair, flowing in beautiful ringlets over his shoulders. His dress, according to the manners of the age in which he lived, consisted of a pair of long trowsers; a close jacket tied round his waist with a sash, that suspended a sword of no inconsiderable length; and a loose gown, trimmed with fur, which he wore over the whole. On his head he had a round cap, or bonnet.—He was one of the greatest beaux of the age; and his conduct towards the

the women brought him into many unlucky scrapes, which he has occasionally mentioned in different parts of his works.

He is said to have had no fewer than twenty-four mistresses; and he one day made an assignation with each of them under a neighbouring oak tree. The merry bard took care to be on the spot before the time appointed, and, climbing the tree, sat there perfectly concealed from view. Every one was punctual to the time, and a singular scene occurred. They gazed in astonishment at one another, each secretly provoked at so strange and so unlucky an accident. Explanations, however, soon took place, and in the first burst of their passion the universal cry was—"We will be the death of the villain."——"Indeed," says the bard, peeping from among the branches, "it is necessary then that I should explain." And he addressed them with so much ingenuity, that each began to question the other's purity, and a fight commenced, in the heat of which he descended, and quietly decamped, leaving them to terminate the dispute among themselves.

Notwithstanding the libertine principles of Dafydd ap Gwilym, he is believed to have entertained a firm and constant attachment to Morfydd, the daughter of Madoc Lawgam, whom he first saw at Rhosyr, in Anglesea. Their hands were joined by one of the bards, and they resided together for some time. The relations of Morfydd not concurring in her choice, stole her from her lover, and united her, according to the ceremonies of the church, to a wealthy, but decrepid old man, whom Dafydd ridicules in his poems under the name of Bwa Bach, "The Little Hunchback." The remainder of the old man's life seems to have been spent in watchings and jealousy; for Dafydd omitted no opportunity to persuade her to elope from him, and he at length accomplished his wishes. After strict search, the fugitives were discovered, the bard was prosecuted by the husband, and fined in a heavy penalty. Not being able to satisfy this, he was taken to prison; from whence, however, he was soon released by some of his countrymen, who raised the money among themselves, and discharged the fine.—He made a second attempt, which failed; but his attachment was so lively and unremitted, that he wrote in her praise a hundred and forty-seven poems, some of which are by no means short compositions.

Between Dafydd ap Gwilym and Gryffydd Grùg, an Anglesea bard, a man of considerable genius and learning, there was a rivalship for fame, which produced many masterly compositions on each side.—This contention had been carried on for a long time, and with great animosity, when a Welshman of the name of Bola Bauol offered a wager, which was immediately accepted, that he would effect their reconciliation. He shortly afterwards went into North Wales, and industriously circulated a report of the death of Dafydd ap Gwilym. This so much affected his rival, that, laying aside every other feeling, in the poignancy of his grief, he wrote an elegy bewailing the loss of his *friend*, in the most affectionate terms. Bola having in the mean time contrived to circulate a story of the same nature in South Wales, of the death of Gryffydd Grùg, was much pleased, on his return, to find that Dafydd had also written a pathetic elegy on his opponent. He thus succeeded according to his expectations; for, on discovering to each the

the real sentiments of the other, they forgave the frolic, and ever afterwards remained firm friends.

Dafydd ap Gwilym seems to have little farther concerned himself either with religion, or in religious opinions, than in abusing the monks, and the priesthood in general; and he never omitted any opportunity of holding them up to ridicule. In his old age, however, he confessed his conduct toward the ministers of religion to have been reprehensible; and on his death-bed he composed some verses beautifully expressive of his resignation, and of the hope with which he awaited his approaching dissolution.——He survived his relations, his patrons, and his fair Morfydd, many years. He was buried in the monastery of Y Strad Flur, in Cardiganshire.

From his writings, it evidently appears that the conduct of Dafydd ap Gwilym bordered altogether on an extreme of licentiousness; he despised all rules that contracted his pleasures, and broke through every barrier that tended to restrain his inclinations. He has been represented as eminent for sobriety, for uniform good conduct, gentle manners, and great reservedness in conversation; and in the sketch of his life prefixed to his poems, it is said that, "in his works we discover the flights of imagination, and the playfulness of his muse, and not the disposition of the man." But to this I can by no means assent; no man would be inclined to represent himself in an unfavourable light; and as Dafydd has recounted many of his adventures, and brought forward there many opinions altogether inimical to uniformity of right conduct, we are necessarily induced to suppose, that in stating them he not only was altogether careless of his own manners, in his anxiety to gratify his inclinations, but that he despised every opinion that might be formed by the world respecting them.

His works possess harmony, invention, elegance, and perspicuity. The powers of his mind rose greatly superior to all the disadvantages of the period in which he lived. In harmony of versification, his works even now stand as a model of perfection, although at the time when he wrote, most of the laws of composition were in a state of fluctuation, and others were altogether unknown. It seems very probable, indeed, that many of his verses might form the idea for some rules which were afterwards settled.——He had both feeling and judgment; in his love poems there is a peculiar softness and melody in all their variations; and this, in a greater or less degree, may be traced through all his works, from the slightest efforts of his muse, to the most grand and sublime parts of his imagery.

THE FRENCH HEROINE;

OR,

ADELAIDE LANGENOIS,

A Lieut. of Dragoons; and her General, a Horse-stealer!!!

IN the month of December 1801, when on the way from Avignon to Lyons, the Paris Diligence was joined by a young lady, at Montelimart; she was handed in by an officer of dragoons, who, recommending her to the care of the coachman, and to the civilities of the company, wished her a pleasant journey.

The inside passengers amounted to eight in the whole; among them were four young Lyonese, of a lively and gay disposition, fond of joking and laughing, but, upon the whole, inoffensive.

inoffensive. The new travelling companion, the only female of the party, was dressed in a brown silk gown, neat enough, but her manners and conversation did not correspond with her female apparel; and, together with the colour of her complexion, seemed to indicate that she had passed more of her time in the tents of camps, than at the toilet, or in the dressing room. Her features, however, were not coarse, nor her voice rude, but rather soft. In fact, it was very difficult to know what to make of her.—Those considerations, or perhaps, curiosity, made the young Lyonese evince some inclination to amuse themselves at her expence; but she interrupted them, by telling them, she was not in a humour to joke, and that if they did not conduct themselves with that respect due to her sex and person, she would, at the end of the first stage, treat them as they merited.

When the Diligence stopped to allow the passengers time to breakfast, she ordered the driver to bring her the portmanteau Captain Langenois, her husband, had given to his care. Having received it, she went up stairs with the chambermaid, and in ten minutes returned, fully accoutred in the regimentals of an officer of dragoons, with her sabre by her side, challenging, in rather severe expressions, the four Lyonese to fight her, one after another. She at the same time threw some papers upon the table, saying, "Read these, you *blancheos*, and you will see that, though a woman, I have made seven campaigns, received nine wounds, and that, at present, after giving my resignation, I enjoy a pension of eight hundred livres—£34—bestowed on me by the First Consul, as a reward for my services."

Some of the other passengers interfering, and those who had unintentionally offended her having made an apology, her good humour returned, and she continued, for the remainder of the journey, a very agreeable companion.

As soon as the Diligence set off, she favoured her fellow travellers with the following particulars of her military life—Her present husband, though the son of a nobleman in Normandy, was in 1792 obliged to enter as a volunteer; and as such he passed through Besancon, where she was born. Being seized with a fever in the house of her parents, where he had been billeted, she took particular care of him, and a mutual affection was soon formed between them. Her father opposing her inclination, she put on man's clothes, and joined the 9th regiment of hussars, in which her lover served.—She made the campaigns of 1793 and 1794, in the maritime Alps; was there wounded, and promoted to a cornetcy, while her lover still continued in the ranks.

Being informed by letters, that a relation of his was a colonel of the 15th regiment of dragoons, young Langenois wrote to him, and was afterwards advanced to the rank of a sub-lieutenant. Either from inconstancy, or from other causes, he had hitherto neglected his promise of marrying her; and, notwithstanding her entreaties, left her to join his new regiment, then on the frontiers of Spain. Thus deserted and wretched, in hopes of meeting with death, she rushed into the enemy's ranks in the first engagement, where, after having her horse shot under her, and receiving two cuts on her head from a sabre, she fainted away from loss of blood, and, at her recovery, found herself a prisoner in the Austrian hospital. Her sex being

ing discovered, she was treated by the enemy with great delicacy, and, as soon as convalescent, exchanged. She then resigned her commission as an officer of hussars, to inlist as a volunteer in the regiment of dragoons, then in Spain, where Lieut. Langenois served.

Having heard that she had been killed, he was most agreeably surprised at her arrival; and, in gratitude for her fidelity, and for her sacrifices, not only married her, but procured her from his relation the same rank with himself. When the peace with Spain was concluded, her regiment was ordered to join the army of Italy; where, at the battle of Lodi, she was wounded in three places, and promoted by Bonaparte to a first lieutenancy, at the same time that her husband, who had greatly distinguished himself, was made a captain.

During the blockade and siege of Genoa, in the spring of 1800, her regiment belonged to the corps under the command of General Rochambeau, who attempted to throw in succours to Massena, the governor of Genoa. In one of the daily skirmishes, in the vicinity of that city, she again had her horse killed under her, was wounded and made a prisoner by General Haddick; who, in admiration of her courage, presented her a beautiful Hungarian horse of his own, and released her without being exchanged. This horse, the General of Division, Duhem, had the insolence to put into requisition for himself, during her illness of a fever that then raged in the French army; and when, on her recovery, she claimed it, he refused to restore it. She sent him a challenge; but, instead of fighting, he ordered her under arrest for insubordination. Such was, however, the regard that the officers and men had for her, that in a rencounter with the enemy next day, her horse, upon which Duhem rode, was killed by them, which terrified him so much, that he demanded and obtained the command of another division.

After the peace with Austria, at Luneville, she repaired, with her husband, to Paris; was introduced by General Murat to Bonaparte, who ordered a sabre, as a mark of honour, to be given her, which, at present, entitles her to number among the revolutionary knights of the pretended Legion of Honour. Her commission, certificates, and numerous other papers, proved the truth of her assertion, and that she diminished, rather than exaggerated, her military exploits. That she was much beloved by the troops was evident during the whole journey.—Pickets of the 15th dragoons were quartered in every place where the Diligence changed horses; they all spoke of her courage, generosity, and humanity, with the enthusiasm of sincerity and gratitude. They would have narrated many traits, illustrating what they said, but her modesty prevented them. They never ceased to exclaim, as long as she was in sight, "*Oh! la brave et bonne femme!*"

When at Lyons, she went to the play, dressed in her regimentals.—General Duhem was then Governor of that city. Owing her a grudge, he sent his aid-de-camp to her box, asking her, how she had dared to appear at the theatre, without first informing the Governor of her arrival? "Tell your general," said she, "that I am no longer in the service; and that I shall be much obliged to him to settle with me, on the other side of Pont Morant, for the horse he stole from me last year. I have here," continued she, laying her hand on

on her sabre, "an instrument presented me by the First Consul, which shall cut the affair short." As she spoke very loud, her conversation was heard and applauded by the pit. She was, however, advised to continue her journey for Besancon the same night; as Duhem, as well as Bonaparte, had, during 1793, and 1794, been one of the most sanguinary terrorists and accomplices of Robespierre, and he was known to be as revengeful as cruel.

The writer of this sketch was one of the passengers in the Diligence, and relates nothing but what he heard and read. Madame Langenois had taken the name of Sans Gene, as *un nom de guerre*, or borrowed name. This was generally the custom with all the women serving in France.

MUTATION OF COLOUR IN A GAME COCK.

MR. EDITOR,

I SEND you the following remarkable occurrence, for insertion in your truly entertaining Magazine.

William Brereton, Esq. of Bath, had in his possession a very fine game cock—pheasant coloured—which, after gaining a victory, actually moulted from the above colour to a dead white; and in the year following reverted from the said white to his original colour.

Mr. Brereton had him painted in both situations by Stubs, which painting is now in his possession, at his elegant mansion at Bath.—Mr. Brereton, as a man of the Turf, is well known; to him belonged the famous horses King Bladud and Doricles. The former of these, if my memory fail me not, won 15 King's Plates in one year.

Jan. 10, 1806. LUCIUS.

A CAT FANCYER.

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING observed in your useful miscellany, some time ago, an account of a lady paying a most enormous price for the freight of her favourite cats to the West Indies, I herewith send you one similar to it, which may be depended upon as a fact, and which I think ought to be made public. The insertion of it will oblige many of your numerous subscribers.

A certain lady, well known in the fashionable circle at Rotterdam, has a considerable number of favourite cats, which she so far indulges as to permit them to sit at table with her, and, like the prophet Nathan's poor man's lamb, "they eat of her bread, they drink of her cup, they lie in her bosom, and are to her as so many daughters!"

We are told in scripture, that we must not give holy things to dogs; and I think consequently the same rule ought to be observed in regard to cats: notwithstanding which, she is so attached to those carnivorous animals, that she is not only profuse to her own *domestics*, but she likewise extends her munificence to *strangers*, which run wild in the neighbouring warehouses in pursuit of the mice. Not long ago, she sent her maid with a dish of provisions at a late hour of the night, who, not liking such messages, and looking upon it as a growing evil, instead of going to the place appointed, emptied her dish in the street; which being contrary to the laws of that city, the poor girl was apprehended by the watch, who seized the dish, took it to the watch-house, and would not return it without a handsome fee.

The lady, being highly offended at the affront, went immediately to the

the proper officer in order to obtain redress for the supposed insult, but was told, that, as her servant had been detected in transgressing the law of the city, he could give her no redress: in consequence of which she was obliged to pay the fee, and pocket the supposed injury.

What a pity it is, and a scandal to humanity, that people, who call themselves Christians, should thus lavish away the good things of this world to feed the brute creation, which is so amply provided for by Divine Providence! while many a thousand of their indigent brethren, who are destitute of the common necessaries of life, would, like Lazarus in the gospel, be thankful for the crumbs that fall from the tables of the luxurious.

BENEVOLUS.

RULES FOR HUNTING A LA GAMBADO.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

I SOME time ago sent you a few excellent rules for shooting a la Gambado, and, as they were so fortunate as to meet with your approbation, I resume the pen to give you a few no less useful ones for hunting.

The choice of a horse is a very great essential towards enjoying this diversion in perfection; and of proper animals for this purpose there are two kinds.—The one, the full-blood horse, as light made as possible, for those that wish to lead the field, and take immense leaps; for who is so ignorant as not to know, that the lighter an animal is made, the higher it is able to leap; and by having less weight of its own to carry, to undergo fatigue the best.—The other kind of horse is the largest kind of waggon-horse; for then, if the sportsman does not wish to *fly* any leaps, the size and power of his steed will enable him to break through almost all without leaping. It is a good thing that the horse should already have his wind broken, for then you may ride him as fast as you can flog him on, without any fear of any accident of this kind; besides that, the violence of his panting after severe exercise, keeping his body in motion, thereby prevents him from taking cold by cooling too suddenly. I should particularly recommend a blind horse; for then, being ignorant of what kind of leaps he has to take, he will never be careless, but always do his best for fear of falling short; and also is in no danger of losing time, by taking fright, and swerving from the track.

In order to ride to the greatest advantage, very long stirrups are useful, and always a very sharp curb bridle and martingal, that the horse may always be under complete command; particularly to hold him tight in over a leap, and check him severely when he puts his fore legs to the ground again. If a horse is broken-knee'd, so much the better leaper will he be; for his knees being sore, he will be afraid of hitting the sore-place against his leaps, and will clear them well. With regard to the dress of the rider—I would by no means advise a short coat, but one as long as possible, to cover the knees well if it should rain.—The best colour, as being farthest seen, is, undoubtedly, white; though ignorant people prefer scarlet or green. The foolish cap at present in vogue, will, no doubt, soon be superseded by the use of the cocked hat; made in such a way, that the hind flap may let down, to keep the rain from the

the neck in wet weather. The old French jack-boot is a capital thing for keeping out wet, and thorns, when you *brush* through a hedge. The longer the spur the better.—Perhaps, for the huntsman, a four-in-hand whip would be very useful, to flog the foremost hounds.

Before you go out in the morning the horses should be stuffed with as much corn as they can eat, and remember to drench them well with water, that they may have a good quantity in their stomachs to last them all day. Early in the day, ride as hard as possible, to get the horse on his legs a little; and take care to keep galloping about whenever there is a check, or you are drawing for a fresh fox. The hounds cannot be too much called to—it puts them, of course, in spirits.—If your horse is fleet enough, get up to the leading hounds when running, and keep laying lustily on them with your whip to keep them going.—High winds are very favourable for scent, and rainy stormy weather, as it keeps the horses so cool.—If a hare is found when your pack is running a fox, let them follow and kill her, by all means, as it gives them spirits for the rest of the chase. Flogging well in the morning, before the dogs go out, is a good thing *in terrorem*, as it lets them know what to expect if they behave ill. When the chase is over, take care not to give the pack nor your horses too much meat, that they may sleep better, and recruit after their fatigue.——I could say a deal more upon this interesting subject; and am vain enough to think it might be of considerable use, if the directions above pointed out were more strictly attended to.—They are the result of long experience, and will, I hope, be approved. I am, &c.

Nimrod Emendatior.

LOW AND ILLEGAL GAMBLING.

MR. EDITOR,

I WISH, through the medium of your extensively circulated Magazine, to promulgate a caution materially affecting your country readers, and others who are in the habit of attending Fairs and Races, either for the purpose of business or pleasure.

It is a fact too notorious to be disputed, that there are at this period in the metropolis, considerably more than *five hundred notorious characters* who support themselves in every extravagance and debauchery, by picking pockets. These systematic plunderers—some of whom keep their bankers, and possess considerable property in the funds—go their circuit round the kingdom, with the greatest regularity; and it is seriously to be lamented that there is not a race or a fair of the least celebrity which is not infested by these successful professors of the light-fingured art, who attend for no other purpose than to commit depredations. Of course it is indispensably necessary that all persons who frequent such places should be very much on their guard, if they wish to preserve their property; as the class of thieves denounced are astonishingly expert in effecting their marauding designs—and generally elude suspicion, by invariably exhibiting a very genteel appearance. Hoping this caution will have some effect in exposing such iniquitous practices, I remain,

ANTI-CRAB-TREE.

Tottenham-Court-Road.

☞ The E O table proprietors who run about the country, are generally connected with these plunderers;

derers; and magistrates would do well to suppress entirely, this species of low and illegal gambling.

S. BISSET.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

THIS man, remarkable for his patience and eccentricity in teaching docility to the dumb creation, was born at Perth, in Scotland, about the year 1721. He was bred a shoemaker, and had the reputation of being an excellent hand at what is called woman's work. He afterwards went to London, where he married a woman who brought him some property, turned broker, and continued to accumulate money, till the notion of teaching the quadruped kind attracted his attention. In the year 1739, reading an account of a remarkable horse shewn at the fair of St. Germains, curiosity led him to try his hand on a horse and dog, which he bought in London, and he succeeded beyond all expectation. Two monkies were the next pupils he exercised his art upon; one of which he taught to dance, and tumble on the rope, and the other held a candle, with one paw, for his companion, and with the other played a barrel organ.—He also taught these antic animals to perform many other curious tricks, such as drinking to the company, going through several regular dances with the dog, &c. Three young cats were the next objects of his tuition. He instructed those domestic tigers to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer as to produce several regular tunes, having music books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second, and third, by way of concert. These performances exciting general curiosity, his house was always crowded with spectators, and his business much interrupted.

Being advised to make a public exhibition of his animals, he readily assented to the proposal; and the well-known *Cats Opera* was advertised to be represented in the Haymarket, where a horse, a dog, the monkeys, and the cats, went through their several parts with great applause to crowded houses; and in a few days Bisset found himself a gainer of almost a thousand pounds, as a reward for his ingenuity. This success created a desire of extending his dominion over other animals. He procured a leveret, and taught it to beat some marches on a drum, on its hind legs, till it became a full-grown hare. He taught canary-birds, linnets, and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and play many other surprising feats.—He trained six turkey-cocks to go through a regular dance; but, to accomplish this, he acknowledged to have adopted the eastern method by which camels are made to dance, by heating the floor. In the course of six months teaching, he enabled a turkey to fetch and carry like a dog; and having chalked the floor, and blacked its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name of the company. At length, not meeting with the encouragement he had for some years received, he found himself constrained to make an itinerant exhibition of part of his groupe, and to sell the rest. After shewing his animals in the city of London, to the great astonishment of thousands, in 1775 he took the north-west circuit of the kingdom; and afterwards went to Belfast, where he established

established himself in a public house, resolving in future to deal only with the rational part of animated nature. But the habits and the amusements of life cannot be all at once abandoned. He trained a dog and cat to perform many amazing exploits. A doubt being started to him, whether the obstinacy of a pig could be conquered, his usual patient fortitude was exerted to try the experiment. He bought a black sucking pig in the market of Belfast, for three shillings, and trained it to lie under the stool or kit on which he sat at his work.—At various intervals during six or seven months he tried in vain to bring the young boar to his purpose, and despairing of every kind of success, he was on the point of giving it away, when it struck him to adopt a new mode of teaching; in consequence of which, in the course of six months, he made an animal, supposed the most obstinate and perverse in nature, to become the most tractable. In August 1783, he again turned itinerant, and took his learned pig to Dublin, where it was shewn for two or three nights at Ranelagh. It was perfectly under command, and appeared as pliant and good natured as a spaniel. When the weather had made it necessary that Bisset should remove his animal to the city, he obtained the permission of the chief magistrate, and advertised it to be seen in Dame-street. It was exhibited two or three days to many persons of distinction, when it could spell, without any apparent direction, the name or names of those in company, cast up accounts, and point out even the words thought of by persons present. It told exactly the hour, minutes, and seconds; pointed out the married and unmarried; kneeled, and made his obeisance to the company, &c. &c. Poor Bisset was thus in a fair way of "bringing his pig to a good market," when a fellow broke into the room without any sort of pretext, and, armed with that brutality which the idea of power gives, what Shakespear calls "a pelting officer," he assaulted the inoffensive man, broke and destroyed every thing by which the performance was directed, and even menaced vengeance on the poor pig. In vain the injured Bisset pleaded the permission he had obtained from the chief magistrate: he was threatened to be dragged to prison, if he was found again offending in the same manner; in consequence of which he was compelled to return home, but not before the agitation of his mind had thrown him into a fit of illness, from which he never effectually recovered, and died a few days after at Chester, on his way to London.

THE DEER-STEALER.

A NOTORIOUS Deer-stealer, of the name of Smith, was apprehended by Hamilton and Lovet, officers, on Thursday evening, the 30th of January, by virtue of a warrant issued by the magistrates of Northamptonshire, which was backed at Marlborough-street office. The charge against the prisoner was for deer-stealing in the park of the Earl of Pomfret, in the county of Northampton, where depredations had been committed to a considerable extent, as well as in various other parks in that neighbourhood. It was stated that a white buck had been selected for Christmas dinner in Earl Pomfret's park, but that he was discovered to have been stolen when the keepers sought to take him for slaughter.—The prisoner was represented as belonging

longing to a gang of offenders, some of whom were in custody in the country: he was the *Robin Hood* of the gang; and when committing depredations in the forests, his bravado and fierceness of temper struck such terror into the minds of the keepers, that when he was known to be poaching, even alone, no one dared to approach him. The prisoner, according to his own account, had carried on a successful trade in this way for many years, with impunity. He did not consider deer-stealing as any moral offence, but merely sporting, which he had been brought up to, and which he could never desist from. He was ordered to be committed to the county gaol of Northampton.

SARCASTIC OBSERVATIONS

On the Benefit of

ONE-HORSE CHAISES.

MR. EDITOR,

I WAS very sorry to see in your liberal Magazine, a letter signed Oliver Oldstyle, in which are many extraordinary reflections on one-horse chaises, coupled with certain inuendos against the surgeons, as having a personal interest, and contingent property in the said fashionable vehicles. Now, Sir, although I agree with your correspondent in all he has advanced respecting the dangers arising from these chaises, yet the inference he draws, or seems to draw, namely, that persons ought to be more cautious than to trust their lives in them, appears to me to be a *non sequitur*. I suspect, indeed, that your correspondent is one of those who hold the absurd and exploded doctrine, that *prevention* is better—and in the present case, cheaper—than *cure*; but really, Sir, in these enlightened days, I did not expect to hear such a doctrine gravely advanced in a respectable publication like yours. I would ask who they are that hold such a doctrine? Does government act upon it? Do public bodies act upon it? Do families and individuals act upon it? No.—Then of what use is it?

But, Sir, the mischief arising from the caution your correspondent recommends, is the chief reason for my sending you this short epistle. He calls the breaking of limbs, and the loss of lives a *misfortune!* a something consequently to be *avoided*—but here we are at variance. All evil is comparative, and if it can be proved that good proceeds from evil, who would not forgive the latter for the sake of the former?—Your correspondent views one-horse chaises only in one light, as contributing to fill the pockets of the surgeons. I take a wider range, and view them as the means of lessening a population, which the price of all the necessaries of life shows is becoming too great for the national supplies. I view them likewise, as tending to introduce an easier and more simple method of divorce than the legislature will permit to be effected in any other way; or than, in fact, can be brought about without loss of character to one of the parties at least, if not to both.

I have had very much occular demonstration on this subject. My country-house being situated half a quarter of a mile beyond the Islington turnpike, I have a thousand opportunities of seeing in what manner one-horse chaises are employed, particularly on Sundays, in diminishing large families, and in parting man and wife, and never surely were any means more happily adapted to the end. I appeal to the accounts in the newspapers—but that is not all.—The time is so happily chosen, just

just when the parties have been taking a "little pleasure," and sometimes "a little drink," and in a humour, as they say, to "defy the devil and all his works." It is then they contrive the *euthanasia* of a one-horse chaise, that rare manufacture of widows and orphans. Indeed I never see one of those machines loaded with a fat shop-keeper and his fatter wife, with three or four children wedged in between them, without being certain that the poor man has too large a family, and wants to get rid of some of his cares, in the easiest and genteelest manner possible.

If these then are the advantages of what your correspondent complains about, I hope he will learn how little foundation his complaint has, considered with a view to the welfare and peace of families. In truth, the one-horse chaise is a remedy which may be recommended in a variety of domestic complaints, and I have seldom seen it taken without producing very *sudden* effects. I never shall forget my old friend *Jack Easy*. Jack had a dashing wife, one of the true Brighton breed, who was ruining him as fast as she could, and would admit of no controul. He came to me one day, and after much preliminary sighing, declared he must *stop.*—"Set up a one-horse chaise," said I.—He swore he must go into the *Gazette.*—"Try a chaise," said I.—*Compound* with his *creditors!*—"A chaise will do it," I continued—and after some struggle, Jack set up a chaise.—I knew he could not drive, and indeed never had a pair of reins in his hand before—but the remedy was effectual; in two months he was a *disconsolate widower* and a *solvent man.*

NIC. NEWSTYLE.

From my Observatory, Islington.

BOXING.

SAMUELS, *alias* DUTCH SAM, AND TOM BELCHER.

A MATCH having been long in contemplation between the above pugilists, who may be deservedly titled *first raters* in their profession, Saturday, Feb. 8, was the day fixed on for a combat, which excited unprecedented anxiety amongst the amateurs. Some unforeseen event had often set aside the contest, and Sam, who was considered as *playing a safe game* in not fighting, resolved to face his man. He had confined himself to the rules of training for the last month, and a fortnight ago Belcher received an unexpected challenge. He laboured under a weakness incidental to youth, but his friends accepted the challenge, and 100 guineas were staked for him. Early in the morning, the vehicles on the Western road, exceeded in number any thing we ever witnessed, and those too were chiefly of the better order. A consultation was held amongst the amateurs, at eleven o'clock, at Virginia Water, when Sendon Heath, near the village of Thorpe, was decided upon for the field of battle. A roped ring was formed, and the combatants entered, with Dan Mendoza and Blake seconds for Sam, and Gulley and Weale for Young Belcher. Some hundreds were betted among the nobility and gentry in the ring before setting too on the level, which was a manifestation of the *fisted knights* being well matched. Young Belcher enthusiastically sought to gain the laurels due to the name, and he tied his handkerchief to one of the stakes, to fight for, against that of Dutch Sam. At one o'clock they set to, and after an obstinate contest, victory declared for Dutch

Sam,

Sam, Belcher being so much exhausted, as to be rendered incapable of facing his man.

THE FIGHT.

First Round. Sam made a feint —Belcher hit him; the blow was returned, and Belcher fell by over reaching himself.

2d. Belcher hit his opponent two blows; Sam returned one of them slightly; they closed and fell.

3d. Sam aimed a well-directed and desperate hit at his opponent's ribs; Belcher stopped it with great dexterity, and hit him with his right hand; they closed disorderly, and both fell. Five to four on Belcher.

4th. This was an uncommon obstinate round. Sam went in, and rallied very gaily; Belcher stopped most of his blows with his left hand, while he used the right to advantage. After many blows had been exchanged, Sam's superior strength prevailed, and he threw his man.—Bets level.

5th. Belcher hit his opponent twice, although slightly, and he fell in a struggle.

6th. A very obstinate round, in favour of Belcher; Sam went in and rallied, as in the fourth round.—Belcher received him in a similar manner, by shifting, and stopping most of his blows, which were desperate. They closed and disengaged, when Belcher rallied with success, and threw his man. Seven to four on Belcher.

7th. Belcher rallied, and hit his man a severe blow on the temple; Sam returned it on the eye; they closed, and fell together.

8th. Belcher's eye swelled very much. The combatants exchanged hits, and Sam was thrown. Two to one on Belcher.

9th. The Jew went in to his man very eagerly, but avoided a rally, b what is termed, jobbing at his op ponent's head and throat. It wa evident that Belcher grew weak, and Sam knocked him down cleanly.

10th. Belcher made several in- effectual attempts to hit his oppo- nent in the head. Sam ultimatel rallied, and Belcher fell throug weakness. The odds were now, fo the first time, in favour of Sam seven to four.

11th. Belcher stopped some well directed hits; they closed and fell.— Belcher underneath.

12th. Belcher exerted himself to the utmost, and appeared to recove his wind. Several blows were ex changed, but those of Belcher wer feeble; and he ultimately fell, appa rently exhausted. Two to one o Sam.

13th. This round was in favou of Belcher, who hit his oppone twice on the head. Sam grew shy Belcher threw him.

14th and 15th rounds, no blow of any consequence; both appeare very weak. Bets were nearly lev again, as Belcher was known to b game.

16th. A hard round; Sam we in in a great rage, and, in followi his man he received two or three s vere hits.

17th. Belcher displayed uncom mon perfection in the science o pugilism; he hit his man sever times, but still appeared weak.— Six to five on Belcher.

18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23 and 24th rounds, were somewhat favour of Belcher. The comb tants, however, were both so we that their blows made but little i pression.

25th. Sam was now very s and declined to face his oppon manfully.

26th. Belcher hit his man in t

face, and threw him; he, however, appeared very weak, notwithstanding which the odds were in his favour.

27th and 28th rounds, no blows of consequence.

29th. In this round all hopes for Belcher became exhausted, he appeared incapable of facing his man through want of strength. The fight, however, was continued twenty more rounds, each at times becoming the favourite. In the 57th round, Belcher was obliged, though with much reluctance, to resign the contest, being unable to stand on his legs.

This battle was one of the best contested, the most skilful, and the most obstinate ever witnessed.—The combatants are the most scientific men of the day, and for the space of an hour, it being the time they fought, it was impossible to name the winner. Sam shewed himself a desperate hitter, and a very powerful man; it was by the latter advantage that he gained the victory, for his opponent was allowed to be the more skilful of the two.

It may be said with truth, in justice to Young Belcher, that he is the *best* man of the day, for if his size and strength do not allow him to become a competitor with the champion, he possesses every perfection in pugilism superior to any man. The disorder which he laboured under, was a weighty consideration against him.

Sam fought very much in the Mendoza style, and it was no inconsiderable advantage to have him at his elbow. His weighty blows would operate very advantageously with a competitor less skilful, and in the present instance the stopping of them was a laborious task. It is understood that Belcher will fight him again.

A RAMBLE

From Southampton, to Newport, in the Isle of Wight.

The Farewell—A Roman Fool—West Cowes—Jonathan Hartop—Reflections—To the Crow that flies home at last.

This motley world 's a voyage of no great length,
Our bark the flesh, the captains Health and Strength.
To keep the vessel tight, the rigging trim,
Give Mirth the heart, and Exercise the limb;
The steerage Temperance—and let the card
Be such as virtue honours with regard;
Cull all we can to make the passage gay,
While wisdom treasures for a rainy day.
These rules observed—assur'd in mercy's court,
We 're sure at last to find a friendly port.

THE FAREWELL.

ADIEU to sweet Southampton, said I, entering a small boat, to quit its charming shores, for the passage hoy that lay at anchor off Heathe. It was about ten in the morning when the captain spread his sails to catch the breeze.—The passengers were but few in number, and principally shop-keepers of the Island, except a professional man, myself, and a traveller from London. We had passed the Old Fort at Netley Abbey, and not a word had been yet spoken; at length, no doubt tired at the taciturnity, the young doctor observed " this is a silent meeting—What! has no one a mouthful of mirth to throw at melancholy?" " Silence," answered the traveller, " has often had its admirers.—One of our London Aldermen held it in such high estimation, that he recommended silence, before all things, to his son, when he set out to court a rich lady, as

as a certain method to obtain her affections."—

"Humphry," said he, "whate'er you do,
Take heed your words are very few;
For you'll be counted wise as long
As you have wit to hold your tongue."

Nor did he think good eating any recommendation to a lover—for the worthy alderman gave this charge at parting to the servant who was to attend the adventurous knight—

"John—do you mind—give Numph a touch
When'er he talks, or eats too much;
For nothing makes the mind so dull
And gross, as when the belly's full."

As silence seems to be a favourite subject, said the doctor, by way of entertaining the company, give me leave to shew wherein it was once found—if we may credit Accursius, a learned lawyer of Florence—to establish the highest reputation for wisdom, through the forbearance of

A ROMAN FOOL.

The Romans having requested the Athenians to communicate to them those laws which Solon had dictated, the grand council of Athens assembled to consider of the demand. It was resolved that one of the Grecian sages should be sent to Rome, to see whether the Romans were entitled, by their wisdom, to have those laws; with orders, that if they were not, to bring the laws back without communicating them.

This resolution was not formed so secretly as to prevent the Roman senate from being informed of it.

On hearing it they were much embarrassed, for it was a time in which Rome did not possess philosophers sufficiently profound and learned to contend with a Grecian Sage. The question then was, to find some expedient to disentangle themselves from this dilemma.

The senate determined, that there was nothing better than to oppose a fool to the Grecian philosopher; with this view, that if by chance the fool prevailed, it would be a great honour to the Romans that one of their fools had confounded one of the Grecian sages: and if the latter triumphed, it would be no great glory to the Athenians for having overcome a fool.

They also resolved, that some of their most learned men should disguise themselves as labourers, and appear to be working on the high roads on the day that the Grecian ambassador should come to Rome; and when they saw him, some of them should address him in Latin, some in Greek, and others in Hebrew.

The Athenian ambassador, on his entering into Rome, was addressed by these men in the different languages. He was met by the senate, and conducted to the capital, not without passing many encomiums on the great learning of the Romans, since the common labourers spoke the various languages with such elegance.

When he arrived at the capital, he was introduced into an apartment superbly furnished, where they had placed a fool in the chair, habited as a senator; and with the strictest injunctions not to speak a a word.

The ambassador, prepossessed with the idea of the senator being extremely learned, thought he did not wish to speak. Under this impression the Athenian, without saying a word, held up one of his fingers: the fool thinking it a threat to put out one of his eyes, and remembering he was ordered not to speak, held up three of his, to signify that

if

if the Grecian put out one of his eyes, he in return would put out both his, and would choak him with the third.

The philosopher, who in elevating his finger only meant to convey his idea of the existence of but one Supreme Being who governed all things, imagined that the fool's holding up three fingers was to indicate that to God, the past, the present, and the future, were equally known, and judged from that circumstance that he was a very learned man.

After this, the sage opened his hand and shewed it to the fool, wishing to express that nothing was concealed from the Almighty: but the fool supposing this sign portended him a slap on the face, presented his fist to the philosopher, to give him to understand that for a slap he would return a punch.

On the contrary, the Greek, already prejudiced in favour of the fool, imagined by his gesture he meant to say that God held the universe in his hand; and thus judging of the profound wisdom of the Romans, he gave them the laws of Solon.

By this time we had cleared the east shore of the new Forest, left Calshot Castle, and entered the Solant-waters.

The direful effects of a recent storm appeared too evident on the shoal called the Brambles, for a stranded collier lay on her side, her tattered rigging shivering in the breeze, and a number of sea-fowl were perched upon her bare yards. The harbour was before us, and with a delightful gale we entered the mouth of the Medina, the principal river of the island, that gives

"Health to the sick, and solace to the swain."

Now, leaping on shore, I entered the town of

WEST COWES,

So called, because it is situated opposite to East Cowes, a place of less consequence, on the east side of the Newport river. Cowes is an excellent harbour, and its approach from Southampton beautiful in the extreme, particularly at this season of the year, when the high lands that cover the town are spread with a delicious bouquet of vernal blossoms. The harbour of Cowes, although of no great magnitude, is esteemed of infinite utility by the marine traders of the world. The lower part of the town has but little to recommend it to strangers but the salubrity of the saline air, which is renovating beyond description.—Next the sea they have a castle, I would have said for defence, but such is not the case. It mounts eleven nine-pounders, placed in a semicircle of embrazures, as little formidable as the elder pop-guns of a school-boy.

They have a fort, tis wondrous true,
But not for use!—alone for view:
Gunners who never mount a wall,
And guns that never fire a ball.

On the west side of the fort are several bathing machines for health and pleasure. The water here is the pure unmixed briny element, and with all so pellucid, that the extension of a pin may be discriminated at the depth of at least two fathoms.

After taking some refreshment, which I found particularly good and reasonable, I went in search of novelties; but I found little to entertain, except at a wheel-wright's door, at the extremity of the town, where an old fisherman was relating his battles to the master of the shop, as he pursued his labour.—The

The scene altogether afforded an excellent subject for the pencil of a Morland; and I thought it worthy of a page on my tablets:—

Where the stout Wheel-wright at his shop-door bends,
List'ning, the while the nave his auger rends,
As some old tar, all silver-white with age,
Runs o'er his log, commenting on the page;
Tells how with Hawke he felt his country's wrongs,
Beat De Laclue, Old Lally, and Conflans,
How yard and yard-arm many a glass they fought,
Till flames the sails and running rigging caught.
And how the master laid the ship so close,
That beards were burnt, and Frenchmen had their dose;
What feats his arm has done, what fortune met,
With brave Boscawen, and with Piercy Brett;
Till, as in youth, upon his feet he bounds,
Bares his bold breast, and shows his manly wounds.
The tradesman smiles, applauds the seaman's part,
Light makes his labour, and expands his heart;
Returns the hatchet with a brisker stroke,
To curve the billet, and to form the spoke.
And now the well-hopp'd bev'rage waits the tale—
Who! who but loves a cup of Hampshire ale—
The old historian eyes th'inspiring spring,
Receives the friendly mug, and gives—
"The King!"

At Cowes, perceiving all to be preparation for hostilities, and nothing to be heard but

"The clink of hammers closing rivets up,"

I resolved to leave the busy pursuits of the embattled shore, for the more delightful gratifications of the upland scenery; and having, like my predecessor Sir Roger de Coverley, replenished my Virginia, I presently found myself on the summit, at the back of the town. The traveller will do well to turn himself on this spot; the objects are numerous and beautiful. To the eastward he will have an uninterrupted view of Portsmouth and Spithead, and of the navies riding in that vicinity. To the westward, a prospect less busy, but perfectly interesting, from the mouth of the Yar to Hurst Castle, till the eye is lost in the depth of the New Forest. To the north, Lutterel's Folly, at Eaglehurst, is a singularity; Calshot Castle, and the opposite shores at the entrance of the Southampton waters are charming; and the whole scene, as it terminates with the spires of that town, is delectable.

The sun was journeying to the ocean; and, as I had a place of rest to provide for the evening, I turned my back on these beauties with reluctance, and hastened toward the capital of the island.

If pity be a weakness of the human mind, as some writers assert, I confess myself a pliant subject to its influence; I never behold a decrepid soldier, or a mutilated sailor, without heaving the sigh of sadness; and I am sometimes so exasperated at the havock I behold among the human species, that I curse the pride of ambition, and lament that one elevated being should possess the power to send millions of his own image to be hacked by the sabre of an enemy, or blasted by the nitre of the sanguinary cannon, thus perpetually adding to the catalogue of human miseries.

I had but just quitted Shamblard when I overtook an old white-headed seaman; he had lost his left arm above the elbow, and exhibited an unpleasant hault in his gait. The moment I passed him, he saluted me

me with a coarse compliment, and requested a quid of tobacco. As he appeared to be in want of something more substantial, I gave him a shilling, and bid him lay in a cargo at the next port. "God bless you master," said he, "and if I had my right I should have no occasion for this favour." "My good fellow," I replied, "who keeps you from your right?" "Why that I cannot say," rejoined the seaman, "but I'll tell you all I know about the matter, if you'll have the patience to hear me." And he nearly thus went on—

"My name is

JONATHAN HARTOP;

I was born at Aldborough, near Boroughbridge, Yorkskire; and, old as I seem, I have a father now living at that place in good health—but more of that presently. Not being content to stay at home, I left my family to seek my fortune, went to Bristol, and there entered on board the Royal Family privateer, a tight thing, bearing the King's commission; and sailed from that port in the year 1745, under the command of the brave Commodore Walker. We soon came up with, and attacked the Gloroise, a Spanish galleon, carrying 70 guns and 1600 men; we fought her two days and nights without success; at length the Russell came up to our assistance, when we took the greatest prize that ever entered a British port, for she was valued at two millions sterling.—When we arrived with her at Bristol there was great rejoicing for our good fortune. Not a man of us but thought himself made for life, and planned out little comforts for his latter days; but, alas! the case turned out quite the contrary. Instead of resting at ease for our gallant exploit, we were all way-laid, surrounded, and seized by the rude hand of ruffian power, and without possessing one penny of that property we had so honourably earned, all sent upon service to a burning climate, where the greater part of us were cut off by disease and sorrow." "Good God!" said I, "can this be true? Are these the boasted blessings of a British constitution?" "Too true, by G—d, master, to make a jest of." In 1752 the few of us that remained began to cheer again, for the good Lord Hardwicke was then Chancellor; and he made a decree in our favour, which directed a part of the property to be divided, and our respective shares were adjudged to be three thousand pounds a man; but as the devil would have it, our joy was like the glimmering of a candle before it expires; for from that day to this we have not touched a penny." "An abominable act of injustice," I cried, "but go on and let me hear you to the end of your story.—Are you sure you were all betrayed in the way you have described?" "As sure as a ship will sail before the wind," he replied. "The owners and captain of the privateer employed press-gangs in every quarter of the kingdom, to pick us up, and send us off; and for every one so disposed of the rascals received ten guineas.—Twice have we been deceived and betrayed by the thieving lawyers, but thank heaven, we, the very few survivers, are not without hope of obtaining something to carry us with comfort to the grave; for the concern is, as I am told, at last in the hands of an *honest* attorney, a Mr. Duncomb, of Rathbone Place, in London." "God send you a happy deliverance," said I.

By this time we were opposite an ale-house door, when thanking me again for the mite I had contributed, he cheerfully entered, while I pursued my way with many unpleasant reflections.

REFLECTIONS.

How cruel, said I to myself, has been the treatment of these brave fellows.—Vain was their plea of many hard-fought battles; in vain they told of toils and dangers past, bared their bold bosoms, and shewed their scars of victory.—Forced from their fondest wishes, severed from every social tie, degraded, dragged like felons from all that man holds dear, they became inmates of the dungeons of despotism; and from thence driven like beasts to slaughter, their only *crime* being skill and intrepidity, exerted with success.—Is this liberty? Is this the return we make the defenders of our country? Spirits of our departed heroes, punish the atrocity.

I had by this time arrived at the great gate that opens to the Forest of Alvington, where the gloom that hung on my spirits, from the recital of the story of poor Jonathan, was presently dissipated by the charms of the surrounding country. The brightest eye of nature was sunk below the horizon, and the swift progressing shadows from the east mingled the ruddy streamers it had left behind: all was silence and inactivity, save where the song of the nightingale at intervals interposed; and where a solitary crow faintly fanned the stillness with his weary wings, to reach the depth of the forest. To this poor home-bent traveller I thus addresseed my evening song—

TO THE CROW THAT FLIES HOME AT LAST.

Say, weary bird, whose level flight,
Thus at the dusky hour of night,
Waves slowly through the midway air,
Why thus beyond the verge of day
Is lengthen'd out thy dark delay,
Adding another to the hours of care?

The wren, within her mossy nest
Has hush'd her little brood to rest:
The wild wood-pigeon, rock'd on high,
Has coo'd his last soft notes of love,
And fondly nestles by his dove,
To guard her young from an inclement sky.

Each twitt'ring bill, each busy wing,
That flits at morning's humid spring,
Is gone to rest; or, with his mate,
Reclines to Philomela's lay,
Who now—asham'd to sing by day—
Trills, sweetly trills, the sorrows of her fate.

Haste bird, and still thy craving brood,
They wait thy slow return, for food,
On some bleak cliff's neglected tree;
Haste, then, improve thy lagging flight,
This is the chilly hour of night,
Fit time for my repose, and fit for thee.

And now, after a pleasant voyage and a dusty walk, I entered the town of Newport; where I am, like the watchful spider, in the centre of my work; and shall, like that industrious insect, from day to day make such rural sallies as may contribute to my own pleasures, and your satisfaction. T. N.

GLEANING IN HAMPSHIRE.

Popular Superstitions—Old Pine of Portsmouth—The Sexton of St. Ives,

From that most interesting Work just published by Mr. Pratt—entitled "Harvest Home."

TO the Gleaner's former delineations of national character, continues my friend, might be added the following articles to his list of the superstitions of the lower classes:—namely, the knotted garters; the ceremony of the dumb cakes; the sowing of hempseed round a church; the gathering of yarrow from a young man's grave, on a midsummer night; the rose gathered at that season, and worn at Christmas; the graphic snail; the predictive slip of the plant Livelong; the letters of the alphabet inclosed in separate balls of

of clay, then immersed in water till the prophetic initials of the future spouse float in the morning.

There is also the turning of money in the pocket at the first sight of a new moon; spitting on the first money received for any thing on sale; likewise on a milestone, at the outset of a journey, to ensure a prosperous event; and the confidence in charms, is almost unbounded.

An old personage, of Southampton, is much resorted to, and has been for many years endowed with the mysterious yet successful faculty of charming away burns and sores; and the credit attached to fortune-tellers is well known. Accept of a living instance:—

Old Pine, of Portsmouth, is in very high repute as a cunning man, through the whole county of Hants. I lately heard of a poor woman of this town who, on account of her husband's having absconded, receives parochial relief, from which she sent half-a-crown to Old Pine, to get intelligence of him; and the conjurer promised her truant should return in a week. He did not return; and yet the infatuated creature pawned a garment to get another half-cown in order to make a farther inquiry of the conjurer.

I cannot forbear giving the subsequent fact, in addition to what I before sent you concerning the high estimation of Moore the almanack-maker, whose interpreters are so wonderfully candid, that, by some means or other, they always contrive to make him a true prophet:—A country man who bought the almanack at Mr. Baker's library, of this place, used to metamorphose the "*Vox Stellarum*" on the title, into "Fox's Starlington."

But the most genuine trait of unlettered simplicity I ever met with is exemplified in a person yet living, and of whose manners and character a true, and I trust interesting, sketch has been given in a former division of our correspondence—— I mean my honest old friend the St. Ives Sexton; for the particulars of whom I must refer you to what was said of the church and church-yard of that town.——*Vol.* II. *of Gleanings in England.*

In answer to some inquiries respecting this veteran in office, I received the following anecdote, in a letter from the present worthy rector of the above-mentioned place:

"I thank you for your remembrance of old George: be assured he shall not, nor has been forgotten; and now I am upon this subject, I cannot help mentioning a ludicrous occurrence that took place soon after I came into possession of this living. Upon my arrival at St. Ives, I found a letter from the Herald's Office, desiring I would transmit an account of the family of Lawrence, from the year 1561. —After I had gone on for some time in the inquiry, it occurred to me that old George might give me some information. I accordingly sent for him. "Pray, George, can you tell me whether there is any monument in our church that mentions any thing concerning the family of Lawrence?" "No, master, but I buried Sir Edward; and he lies in a leaden coffin under Squire White's pew."—"Any thing else?" "Yes, there is his coat of arms in the church; a cross to shew that he was a Lawrence, and a bloody hand to shew that he was a baronet."—"Any thing more?" "Yes, master, there is something at the bottom that says he was an *admiral* of the *Nile!!!*——"Give me the keys." I hastened to the church, where I discovered, at the foot of the achievement, the motto, "*Nil admirari!*"

A LIST

A LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES IN GREAT BRITAIN, FOR 1805.

The Horses, &c. were of the ages mentioned in this List, on May-Day, 1805.

(*Continued from page 184 of our last.*)

Years Old. BY SIR PETER TEAZLE. *No. of Prizes.*

4 BAGATELLE, Lord Grosvenor's, the Claret Stakes of 500gs at Newmarket; Lord C. H. Somerset's, a Stakes of 120gs at Kingscote 2

3 Barbarossa, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, the Egremont Stakes of 1100gs at Brighton 1

3 Trafalgar, (out of Æthe) Lord Darlington's, a Stakes of 130gs at Lewes 1

2 Mary, (sister to Sir Solomon) Lord Fitzwilliam's, a Stakes of 100gs at Doncaster.................................. 1

6 Blue-Devil, Lord Middleton's, received 50gs at Malton Craven Meeting 1

3 Brown Colt, (out of Queen Mab) Lord Strathmore's, the Gold Cup, value 110gs, at Boroughbridge 1

3 Caleb Quote'em, Lord Fitzwilliam's received 200gs, and won a Stakes of 255gs at York August Meeting; and the Gold Cup, value 100gs, at Doncaster........................ 3

Ag. Cock-a-Hoop, Mr. Hawkes's, a Stakes of 50gs at Lewes 1

4 Coriolanus, Mr. Clifton's a 50l. Plate at Newcastle, Staffordshire. 1

4 Czar Peter, Lord Foley's, received four Forfeits, viz. 200gs, 60gs, 25gs, and 25gs, at Newmarket 4

5 Ditto, Sir Hed. Williamson's, the Craven Stakes of 130gs at Newmarket; and the King's Plate at Guildford 2

6 Duxbury, Mr. Watson's, received 25gs, (being the second in the Second Class of the Oatlands' Stakes), received 15gs, won a Match of 50gs, and received 5gs at Newmarket 4

3 Goth, Lord Grosvenor's, the First Class of the Prince's Stakes of 400gs at Newmarket.................................. 1

3 Hedley, Col. Kingscote's, a Handicap Plate of 50l. at Ludlow... 1

5 Honest Starling, Sir H. Williamson's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 20gs in specie, at Middleham; the King's Plate at Newcastle; a 50l. Plate at York August Meeting; a 70l. Plate at Richmond; walked over for a Stakes of 60gs, won the King's Plate, a 50gs Plate, and walked over for a 50gs Plate at Kelso.. 8

4 Houghton lass, Mr. J. W. Wardell's, received 25gs, (being the second in the First Class of the Oatlands' Stakes), and 70gs at Newmarket; Sir J. Shelley's, won the King's Plate at Ipswich 3

3 Jasper, Lord Grosvenor's, received twice 60gs at Newmarket... 2

4 Josephina, Mr. Clifton's, three 50l. Plates, viz. at Bridgenorth, Nottingham, and Walsall.................................. 3

3 Iris, Lord Grosvenor's, a Match of 75gs at Newmarket....... 1

3 Knight Errant,

3 Knight Errant, Lord Grosvenor's, received 45gs at Newmarket. 1
3 Little Peter, Lord Foley's, a Match of 50gs, and a Stakes of 500gs at Newmarket; a Match of 200gs at Epsom, a Match of 200gs, and one of 100gs at Newmarket 5
4 Maiden, Mr Wilson's a Match of 100gs, and one of 25gs at Newmarket; Mr. Elwes's, two 50l. Plates, viz. at Huntingdon and Northampton 4
4 Master Betty, Sir H. T. Vane's, the Produce Stakes of 750gs, and walked over for a Stakes of 300gs at York August Meeting; and received the Stakes of 48gs, (being second for the 100l. Plate) at Doncaster 3
3 Miss Hornpipe Teazle, Mr. W. N. W. Hewett's, the Produce Stakes of 550gs, and received 30gs at York August Meeting; won a Stakes of 140gs, and received 50gs at Doncaster 4
6 Pipylin, Mr. Mellish's, a Match of 25gs at Newmarket; Major Pigott's, a Match of 500gs at Bibury; Mr. Mellish's, a Handicap Stakes of 65gs at Bibury.................... 3
5 Sally, Lord Fitzwilliam's, a Stakes of 80gs at York Spring Meeting; and the Corporation Plate of 50l. at Doncaster 2
5 Sir Harry Dimsdale, Lord Foley's, a Match of 200gs, and received 75gs at Newmarket; a Match of 100gs, and walked over for a Stakes of 210gs at Bibury; and received 50gs at Newmarket 5
3 Sir Paul, Lord Fitzwilliam's, a Stakes of 200gs at York August Meeting 1
4 Virgin, Mr. Abbey's, a 50l. Plate at Oxford................ 1
6 Walton, Sir H. Williamson's, a Match of 200gs, received 100gs, won a 50l. Plate, and the King's Plate at Newmarket in April; a 50l. Plate, and the Ladies' Plate of 60gs at Lewes.. 6
4 Washington, Mr. Biggs's, a Handicap Plate of 50l. at Bibury; the Cup, value 100gs, at Kingscote; and a 50gs Purse at Dorchester 3
4 Welch-Rabit, Mr. Cholmondeley's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Newcastle, Staffordshire; and a 50l. Plate at Nantwich.... 2
4 Witchcraft, Lord Sackville's, a Stakes of 175gs at Maddington; a Match of 50gs at Bibury; the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Stockbridge; the King's Plates at Winchester and Salisbury; three Matches, viz. 100gs, 50gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket . 8
3 Young Roscius, Lord Stamford's, a Stakes of 70gs at Bridgenorth 1

By SKYSCRAPER.

Ag. Paul, Hon. N. Fellowes's, a Match of 50gs at Exeter 1
3 Sinbad, Mr. Howorth's, received 30gs at Newmarket 1

By SLOPE.

Ag. Whynot, Captain Chamberlaine's, a Hunters Stakes of 60gs at Skipton 1

By SPECULATOR.

Bay Mare, Sir W. W. Wynne's, the Annual Plate of 50gs at Holywell Hunt 1

By

By STANDARD.

5 Striver, Mr. Ruston's, the Hunters' Stakes of 90gs at Manchester 1

By STAR.

3 Bay Colt, Lord Belhaven's a Stakes of 60gs at Lamberton; a 50l. Plate, and walked over for a Stakes of 100gs at Ayr . . . 3

Ag. Chesnut Horse, Mr. Baillie's, the Hunters' Stakes at Lamberton; and the Hunters' Plate of 50gs at Edinburgh 2

4 Quid, Mr. C. Norton's, a Match of 50gs, and one of 100gs at Newmarket; Mr. Mellish's, the King's Plate at Doncaster . 3

By STICKLER.

4 Mary, Mr. M. Philipps's, a Match of 50gs at Swansea 1

By STRIDE.

2 Baronet, Mr. Walker's, a Stakes of 140gs at York Spring Meeting 1

4 Lady Brough, Mr. Mellish's, a Match of 25gs at Newmarket; a Match of 100gs at Lewes; a Subscription of 140l. and a Match of 200gs at Newmarket 4

4 Petruchio, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, received a 50l. Plate at Bibury; and won a 50l. Plate at Brighton 2

5 Stretch, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, the Ladies' Plate at York August Meeting; Mr. J. W. Wardell's, a 50l. Plate at Pontefract; Mr. C. Browne's, the Gold Cup, value 80gs, with 10gs in specie, and received 50gs and 150gs at Newmarket 5

By TELESCOPE.

4 Optician, Mr. Brooke's, a 50l. Plate at Chester; Mr. Denham's, received 10gs, and won a 50l. Plate at Nantwich; a Stakes of 140gs at Warwick; and a Stakes of 160gs at Lichfield . . 5

3 Royal Oak, Mr. Monckton's a Stakes of 80gs at Lichfield; the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Shrewsbury; and a 50l. Plate at Oswestry 3

By TOTTERIDGE.

2 Merrythought, Duke of Grafton's, a Match of 25gs at Newmarket 1

3 Tallboy, Mr. Wyndham's, received 100gs, and won a 50l. Plate at Newmarket 2

3 Truth, Mr. Nalton's, a 50l. Plate at Malton; Mr. White's, a 50l. Plate, and received 15gs at Lincoln 3

By TRAVELLER.

3 Laura, Mr. Garforth's, a Stakes of 80gs at Malton, in October. 1.

By TRIMMER.

6 Chancellor, Lord Cassillis's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 40gs in specie, at Ayr 1

5 Young Trimmer, Mr. Baird's, a 50l. Plate at Edinburgh 1

By TRUMPATOR.

3 Fathom, Mr. Andrew's, a 50l. Plate at Stamford; a 50l. Plate at Northampton; and a 70gs Plate at Lincoln 3

7 Giles,

7 Giles, Mr. Lake's, the Second Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 450gs at Newmarket.. 1
9 Rebel, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, won the Craven Stakes of 120gs, and received 30gs at Bibury; won the Smoker Stakes of 80gs at Brighton; and the Town Plate of 50l. at Lewes.. 4
4 Sir David, Mr. D. Boyce's, received 20gs, 50gs, and 110gs; and won three Matches, viz. 100gs, 200gs, and 100gs at Newmarket.. 6
7 Trombone, Mr. Watson's, a Match of 100gs at Newmarket ... 1

By VOLUNTEER.

Ag. Annette, Mr. Child's, a 50l. Plate at Chelmsford............ 1
8 Black-Strap, Mr. Flint's, received 100gs at York Spring Meeting 1
9 Eagle, Mr. Mellish's, two Matches of 200gs each, and received 100gs at Newmarket.. 3
5 Enchantress, Mr. Martin's, the Ladies' Plate of 60gs at Goodwood 1
4 Sorrel, Mr. Watson's, received 100gs, and won a Match of 25gs at Newmarket.. 2
6 Sylvanus, Lord E. Somerset's, a Stakes of 100gs at Maddington; received 25gs at Bibury; and won the Hunters' Stakes of 110gs at Oxford.. 3

By WALNUT.

4 Hasty, Duke of Hamilton's, a 50l. Plate at Penrith 1
8 Lignum-Vitæ, Mr. Watson's, received 10gs at Newmarket.... 1

By WAXY.

5 Delegate, Sir H. Lippincott's, a Stakes of 55gs at Stockbridge; the Maiden Plate of 50l. and a Match of 50gs at Taunton .. 3
3 Dodona, Duke of Grafton's, a Produce Stakes of 500gs at Newmarket; received 100gs, (being second for the Oaks' Stakes) at Epsom; received 65gs, and won a Match of 50gs at Newmarket.. 4
5 Elizabeth, Lord F. G. Osborne's, a Subscription-Plate of 50l. and a Match of 50gs at Newmarket 2
4 Heeltap, Mr. Howorth's, received 100gs and 20gs at Newmarket; and won the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Warwick 3
4 Latitat, Mr. Emden's, a Match of 50gs at Ascot Heath....... 1
5 Marplot, Lord Brooke's, a Handicap Plate of 50l. at Kingscote; a Stakes of 75gs, and a Stakes of 65gs at Tewkesbury; and a Match of 100gs at Beverley 4
4 Newcastle, Mr. J. Thompson's, a 50l. Plate at Durham; an 80l. Plate at Manchester; and a 50l. Plate at Newton; Mr. Ackers's, the King's Plate at Nottingham; and a 50l. Plate at Derby 5
3 Newmarket, Mr. Wilson's, a Match of 100gs at Newmarket ... 1
4 Pavilion, Lord Darlington's, the New Claret Stakes of 1000gs, and a Stakes of 600gs at Newmarket..................... 2
4 Watery, Lord Foley's, a Stakes of 300gs, received 50gs, and won two Matches, viz. 100gs, and 50gs at Newmarket......... 4

By WHIRLWIND.

6 Tornado, Mr. Morris's, the Hunters' Stakes of 60gs at Leicester. 1

By

By WHISKEY.

3 Brown Colt, (Moustache) Mr. Moorhouse's, a 50l. Plate at Newmarket 1
3 Chesnut Filly, Mr. Barnes's, received 20gs at Newmarket 1
7 Eleanor, Sir C. Bunbury's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 110gs in specie, a Match of 100gs, and a 50l. Plate at Egham; and a Match of 100gs at Newmarket 4
6 Julia, Mr. Howorth's, a Match of 100gs at Newmarket....... 1
3 Lydia, Sir C. Bunbury's, a Produce Stakes of 500gs, the Newmarket Stakes of 750gs, a Stakes of 600gs, a Match of 50gs and received 80gs at Newmarket.......... 5
6 Midas, Mr. Collins's, a 50l. Plate at Haverford-West; and the Hunters' Plate of 50gs at Swansea.......... 2
4 Pelisse, Duke of Grafton's, a Match of 100gs at Newmarket.... 1
2 Rosabella, Mr. Lake's, a Stakes of 200gs at Epsom.......... 1
5 Sir Ulic M'Killigut, Mr. Clifton's, the Annual City Plate of 30l. with 20l. added, and a Piece of Silver Plate, value 50l. at Chester; received 30l. at Manchester; received 10gs at Preston; and won a 60l. Plate at Knutsford.......... 5
3 Tramper, Mr. Howorth's, a Handicap Stakes of 105gs at Newmarket.......... 1
7 Whirligig, Lord Sackville's, a Stakes of 120gs, and received the 50l. Plate at Maddington; won a Match of 50gs, and a Handicap Stakes of 65gs at Bibury; and a 50l. Plate at Winchester 5

By WOODPECKER.

6 Bay Horse, (brother to Vivaldi) His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, a Handicap Stakes of 80gs at Bibury 1

By WORTHY.

2 Jumper, Mr. Watson's, a Stakes of 250gs at Newmarket 1

By YOUNG ECLIPSE.

6 Young Eclipse, Mr. Goddard's, a Handicap Plate of 50l. at Maddington; and a Handicap Plate of 50l. at Kingscote....... 2

By YOUNG PUMPKIN.

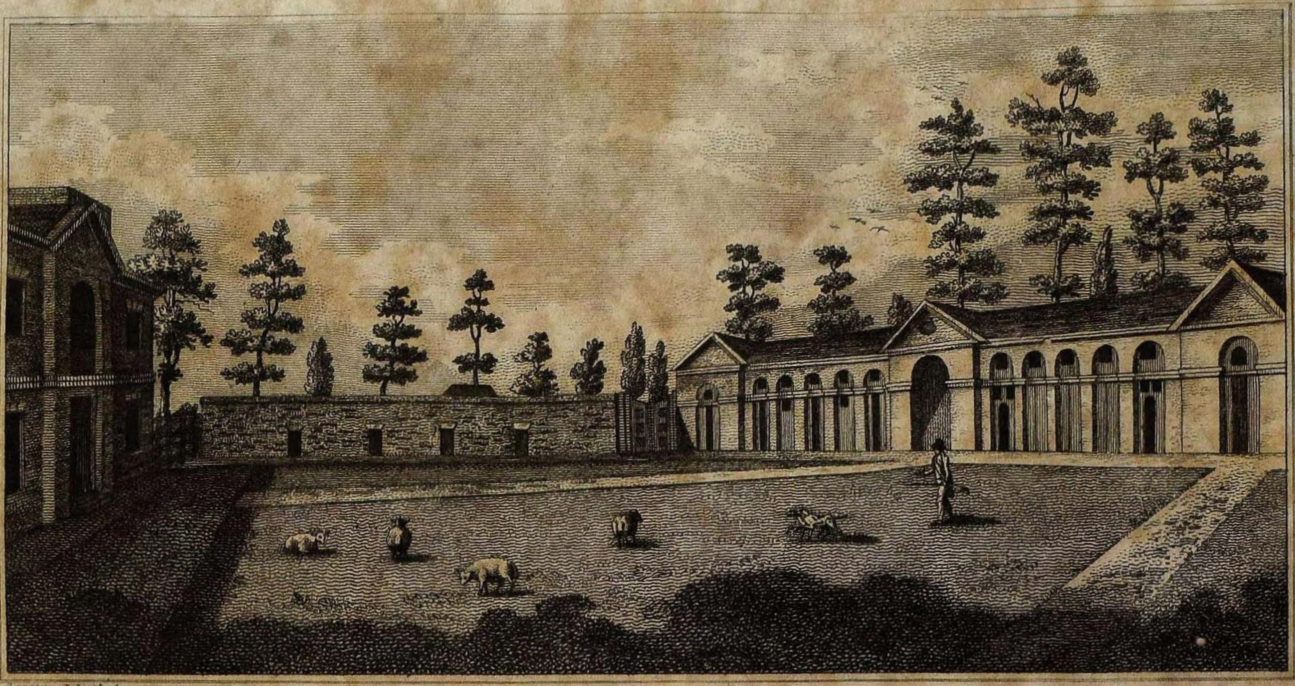
Ag. Ironsides, (late Gourd) Captain B. Wall's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Exeter 1

By YOUNG WOODPECKER

3 Punch, Mr. D. Boyce's, a Match of 50gs at Newmarket; and received 42gs at Epsom 2
5 Wheatear, Mr. Howorth's, the Sherborne Stakes of 420gs, a Stakes of 180gs, and a Match 50gs at Bibury; received 20gs at Brighton; and won the Woburn Stakes of 110gs at Bedford 5
3 Wormwood, Mr. Ladbroke's, a 50l. Plate at Ascot Heath; and walked over for the Magna Charta Stakes of 150gs at Egham; a Stakes of 75gs, a Match of 25gs, and received 50gs at Newmarket 5

(Concluded.)

MR. MELLISH'S



Rancrone, Del. et Sculp.

Mr. Mellishs's, Hunting Lodge, &c. Chingford Green, Middlesex.

MR. MELLISH'S HUNTING LODGE, &c.

An Engraving.

THE sporting premises of Mr. Mellish, of Bush Hill, are delightfully situated on Chingford Green, Essex. It is a noble building, consisting of very extensive stabling, coach-houses, &c. and a dog-kennel constructed in the most neat and convenient manner. Opposite, are four paddocks for deer, with suitable stabling for their reception.—The water is self supplied. The building forms a quadrangle; the stables fronting Chingford Green. The dog-kennel and stables for the deer form two sides, and the hunting lodge forms the other part of the quadrangle. Mr. Cockerill, who was the architect, has laid the whole out with much taste, and credit to himself.

It is with regret we have to mention, that Mr. Mellish has lately sold his pack of hounds to Lord Middleton; and about thirty-two couple, with the huntsman, William Cranston, are gone to his Lordship's seat at Burchall, in Yorkshire. As there is no pack of stag-hounds now in the neighbourhood, in all probability the Easter Hunt, so long and well-known at Epping Forest, will for the present be discontinued.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A YOUNG Irishman who attended the deputation from Cambridge, with the address to the King on Lord Nelson's victory and death, being ignorant of the meaning of the different insignia of office borne by the several state officers, observing a gentleman with a large gold key hanging out of his pocket by a ribband, tapped him on the shoulder, and with a friendly solicitude said—" Sir, Sir, you'll lose your key!"—The gentleman in question thinking the caution was a sarcastic allusion to a late melancholy event, likely to produce certain changes in office, received the hint with chagrin, and the Irishman was not a little disconcerted at not being thanked for his friendly attention.

MR. WAITHMAN of the Common Council, while addressing the Court on Friday the 14th instant, remarked on Mr. S. Dixon's shaking his head; to which the latter rather incautiously replied—" Truly I did shake my head, but there is NOTHING *in that!*

A FOREIGN paper ascribes the following *bon mot* to Lord Harrowby: His Lordship being waited upon by old Field Marshal Mollendorf, the latter said to him—" You see an old man." His Lordship replied—" Laurels are ever green."

THE following receipt, taken from Farley, a distinguished author on cookery, for making a *Monument*, is respectfully submitted to the mover and supporters of a late motion in the Common Council.—*it certainly would be cheap, if not lasting*:—Take an ounce of fine sugar, half an ounce of butter, and four ounces of fine flour; boil the sugar and

and butter in a little water, and when cold beat an egg and put it in the water, sugar, and butter; mix it with the flour, and make it into a stiff paste; then roll it as thin as possible; have a set of tins at hand, the form of a *monument*, and put the paste upon them; bake it in a slow oven, and when cold take it out of the tins, and join the paste with isinglass.

ANECDOTE.—The father of the late King of Portugal one day held an argument with the Marquis de Pontelimar, on the power of kings; the latter maintained that it had limits, but his sovereign would admit of none, and said to his courtier with great warmth,—"If I ordered you to throw yourself into the sea, you ought without hesitation to jump into it head foremost." The Marquis immediately turned short and went towards the door. The King, surprised, asked him where he was going. "To learn to swim, Sire." The King laughed heartily, and the conversation ended.

A PERSON observed of a dentist, that he was extremely rich; "that's strange," said Mr. T. Sheridan, "as I know his means are only *from hand to mouth!*"

EPIGRAM ON KILLING TIME.

KILL Time to day; and, to your sorrow,
He'll stare you in the face to-morrow:
Kill him again, in any way,
He'll plague you still from day to day;
Till in the end—as is most due—
Whom oft *you kill*—at last *kills you*.

THE Miss Morgans of Chester.—One of these ladies, a few weeks since, while seated in her box at the Opera House, in London, was somewhat surprised at hearing a strange voice in the lobby familiarly inquiring for *Sally Morgan's* box! The door of her box was presently afterwards opened, and a gentleman whom she never recollected to have seen before, made his appearance. In an instant the young lady, with a wit and vivacity natural to her, addressed the unknown intruder in the following words:—

"In supposing this *Sally Morgan's* box, Sir, you certainly are not mistaken: *Sally Morgan* has the satisfaction of being present to tell you so; and at the same time to request of you, that as you *sal-li*ed into *Sally Morgan's* box to please yourself, you will please *Sally Morgan* by *sally-ing* out again."

The stranger, too confused to offer an apology, instantly withdrew, and the subject has afforded much merriment to Miss M. and her friends very often since.

MOTTOS BY FOOTE.

Motto for a Mountebank.—When a celebrated empiric first set up his chariot, he consulted Foote about the choice of a motto. "What is your crest," said he.—"Three mallards," answered the doctor. "Why, then, the motto I would recommend to you is, *Quack! quack! quack!*"

Motto for a Physician.—Being asked by a lady to translate a physician's motto, which was "*A numine salus*," he quickly replied, "*God help the patient!*"

Appropriate Motto.—During one of Foote's trips to Dublin, he was much solicited by a silly young man of fashion to assist him in a miscellany of poems and essays he was about to publish; but when he asked to see the manuscripts, the other told him—"That at present he had only *conceived* the different subjects, but had put none of them to paper." "O! if that be the case," cried Foote, "I will give you a motto from

from Milton, for the work in its present state:

"Things unattempted yet in prose or
verse."

Davenport the Tailor.——This man, who acquired a considerable fortune with a good character, asked Foote for a motto for his coach. "Latin or English?" asked the wit. "Poh! English to be sure; I don't want to set up for a scholar."—"Then I have one from Hamlet, that will match you to a *button-hole*: "*List! list! oh, list!*"

A GENTLEMAN entering into the study of his friend, who was a youth of the poet tribe, and finding him absent, and the following unfinished stanza lying on the desk—

The sun's perpendicular height
Illumin'd the depth of the sea;

took up a pen, and thus concluded—

And the fishes beginning to sweat,
Cried, damn it! how hot we shall be!

AN Irish estate has been recently advertised, with temptations to a purchaser, of no ordinary kind.—It consists of two baronies, the future prospects of which are set forth by stating, that one of them is let for *nine hundred years*, and the other on "a lease *for ever*; at the expiration of which terms, both the said baronies will be capable of prodigious improvement!"

A PRIVATE theatrical hero, after having one evening got through the character of Richard much to his *own satisfaction*, observed, that both Kemble and Cooke might thank him for many *beauties* which they had stolen from him. To which a wag replied, that whether *his beauties* were *lost* or *stolen* it made little difference to the audience, who could not discover any thing like even the *remains* of *beauty* that night.

A FEW days ago, a man went into a barber's shop in Glasgow, to be shaved. As usual in such a place, the news of the day was the topic of conversation. At the time the beard was about half done, Strap took for his theme the character of Bonaparte, of which he was tolerably versant; at last he grew warm, got into a rage at some of his well known enormities, and exclaimed—"G—d d—n him, if I had him as I have you, I would do for him."—On this the man, terrified at what might be the consequence, sprung from the chair and ran out of the shop, with the suds wholly on one side of his face.

A FOREIGNER, in his remarks on this country, says—"By the laws of England a man and his wife may carry on business—*separately*."

AN Irishman was lately brought before a magistrate in the West of England, on a charge of having six wives!!—The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain as to delude so many?—"An *plaise* your Worship, said Pat, I was only trying to get a good one."

WE read of a marriage between a Mr. Money and Miss French; no one can doubt of its being one of the most desirable objects at present with the *French* to unite with any of the *Money* family.

THREE persons have been put into the *stocks* by order of the Mayor of Limerick, for refusing to take *real mint half-pence!* These good Hibernian shop-keepers seem to have preferred an *interest* in the *stocks* to mere *hard cash*.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SPORTING INFORMATION.

On Thursday the 6th instant, Mr. Mellish gave a dinner at Grithin's Hotel, Albemarle-street, where the following Matches were made, and to be run for as follow, viz.

Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1806.—Monday—Sir John Shelley's Currycomb, 8st. 7lb. against Mr. Watson's Jumper, 7st. 12½lb. Across the Flat, 100gs.

Second Spring Meeting.—Monday — Lord Egremont's Cardinal Beaufort, 8st. 7lb. against Sir J. Shelley's Sir Launcelot, 7st. 13lb. Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft.

Lord Darlington's Zodiac, 8st. 3lb. against Mr. Howorth's Enterprise, 7st. 7lb. 100gs.—Course not mentioned.

Wednesday—Lord Foley's colt, by Zachariah, against a colt, by Precipitate, 8st. 3lb. each, Ab. M. 100gs.

First October Meeting.—Monday—Lord Foley's Sir Harry Dimsdale, 8st. 7lb. agst. Mr. D. Boyce's Sir David, 8st. B. C. 200gs.

Thursday—Lord Egremont's Cardinal Beaufort, 8st. 10lb. against Lord Foley's Little Peter. 8st. B. C. 200gs, h. ft.

Epsom Meeting, 1806.—Saturday—Mr. Howorth's Honesty, against Mr. Mellish's Luck's-All, 8st. 3lb. each, the Derby Course, 200gs. h. ft.

Betting at Tattersall's.—Oatlands' Stakes—Betted, 100 to 50 that Goth, Sir Launcelot, and Miss Coiner don't win the three Classes. —100 to 5 that Goth, Sir Launcelot, and Yorkshire don't win the three Classes.—60 to 50 Yorkshire against Miss Coiner.—300 to 100 against Henry.

Claret Stakes—Betted, 50 to 25 against Plantagenet, p. p.—100 to 80 Plantagenet against Little Peter, p. p. neither win.

Derbey Stakes—Offered to Bet, 700 to 200 against Trafalgar, by Gohanna.—800 to 100 against Mr. Wilson's Hambletonian colt.

Betted, 270 to 10 that Trafalgar does not win the Derby, and Sir F. Standish's Mr. Teazle filly, the Oaks'.

Immense sums are depending between Lord Darlington's Pavilion and Mr. Mellish's Sancho—5 to 4 on the former. Even betting between Sancho and Haphazard. Even betting between the Prince's Orville and Sancho.

A match of pigeon-shooting took place at Heston, on Thursday the 13th, for twenty-five guineas, between J. Aaron, Esq. a gentleman of sporting celebrity, and Mr. Dunford, who was considered one of the first shots in Hampshire. Fifteen pigeons were allotted to each sportsman; and Mr. Dunford commenced the sport; which of these should produce most dead birds in fifteen shots. He killed the first nine, but hit the tenth bird without effect; and the eleventh he missed. The other four birds were dispatched; making thirteen dead. Mr. Aaron followed, and killed eleven birds successively; when betting was seven to four on his performance. The twelfth and thirteenth birds were hit without effect; the fourteenth he killed, and missed the fifteenth; by which he lost the wager.

On

On Monday evening, Feb. 3, John Miller, a young man, undertook, for a wager of five guineas, to walk from the Standard in Cornhill to the Mother Red Cap at Camden Town, and back again, in one hour and a half, the distance being near eight miles, which he accomplished in five minutes less than the time allowed, starting at fifteen minutes after eight o'clock, and arriving at twenty minutes before ten. Two persons went with him the whole distance. Large bets were depending on the issue.

A sporting gentleman undertook, on Thursday the 6th, for a wager of 20 guineas, to go to Shepperton, a distance of 18 miles, in three hours. He went the first seven miles within an hour, and lost the wager on Hampton Common, *where he stuck in the mud, and lost his shoes.*—The same bet was taken by another person who won the wager with ease on the Tuesday following, although far inferior in size and reach to the former, who, in athletic sports, was judged one of the first of the day.

Mr. M——, a young man of fashion, undertook to walk from Hyde Park Corner to the five mile stone at Turnham-Green, in 55 minutes. The wager, which was for a considerable sum, was decided on Wednesday the 12th in favour of Mr. M——; he came in at the winning post, in about one minute and a half of the limited time.

Monday the 10th, the stud of the late Premier, Mr. Pitt, consisting of 9 saddle-horses, was disposed of by public auction, at Tattersall's. The Hon. Gentleman was not distinguished for the excellence of his cattle, and in his carriage he actually drove job-horses. Of those brought to the hammer, a bay gelding, 6 years old, by Pipator, fetched the greatest price, and sold for 130gs. It was put in at 40gs. and when it had reached 50, a person present who had been in the employ of the late proprietor, bid at once 100gs, and it was ultimately knocked down to him. A gelding, by Grog, which Mr. Pitt used as a charger, fetched 72gs; and the whole 438gs.

Lord Monson's hounds have this year shewn more sport to the amateurs of fox-hunting than was ever known in the kingdom. Among the hardest riders may be particularly noticed Mr. Monson (the son of the noble owner of the pack), Mr. Duncombe, Sir John Maxwell, Mr. Chaplin, &c. &c.

On Monday the 10th instant, a fox, which had been exceedingly hard run by the Duke of Richmond's hounds, was lost close to a farm-house in the hamlet of Woodmancot, near which the dogs had hunted him breast-high, and were there at fault. After a long search, he was discovered by a farmer's servant lying stretched out, over the ridge of the farm-house, close to a chimney, in a manner which rendered him almost imperceptible; a ladder having been procured, the hind, who discovered him, mounted the roof, dragged poor renard by the brush from his hiding place, and unfeelingly threw him into the midst of the pack, which soon tore him in pieces. Miss Le Clerc, and a large field of sportsmen, were in at the death.

A novel race took place the 10th instant, on the turnpike-road, near Beeding, in Sussex, between a horse and an ass, the property of gentlemen at that place. At starting, and for a considerable distance, the donkey had much the advantage,

vantage, and would certainly have won the race, had he not stopped at an unlucky gin-shop, at which his master had been long wont to take a daily *drop of comfort*, and from which every exertion in the power of his rider was exerted in vain to make him move; the race was therefore won by the horse; and the *knowing ones*, who had betted freely on the long-eared animal, were deeply taken in!

UNFORTUNATE Event in Charioteering.—The following singular disastrous occurrence took place on Tuesday last, in Park-lane:—Lord C—, the well-known whip, whose confidence in driving four, or even six, in hand, and whose expertness in the management of the reins was for a long series of years unrivalled, met with an accident (if an accident it may be called), which has tended still more to lessen his fame than any misfortune that he has hitherto met with. Lord C. was driving his four chesnuts in his crane-necked modern phaeton down Park-lane. Opposite Mr. C. Codrington's, his Lordship made some of his usual flourishes, and with the same appearance of skill and adroitness.—The manœuvre, however, completely failed, for the horses, instead of taking the circular sweep intended, by cutting off the angle, thought proper to face about, and wheel round to the rear of the carriage, by which turn the vehicle narrowly escaped being upset. Happily the groom dismounted, but not before every effort of the Noble *Jehu*'s proved unavailing to restore his fiery coursers to their proper stations in front. This mischance, although not attended by such serious consequences as the one Mr. C. B. met with last season, when he was obliged to take off his leaders in the Park and return home with a pair, is nevertheless equally subject to the severe animadversions of the Jockey-Club, of which the Right Honourable has long been a member.—*Morning Post, Saturday, Feb.* 22.

A LETTER from Doncaster, dated Feb. 14, says:—"On Sunday last, a little boy, about ten years of age, son of Mr. Moorhouse, of Wilby, near this place, died of that most alarming disease, the hydrophobia. Some time ago, Mr. Moorhouse lost a cow, which had been bitten by a mad dog; and the same dog, we understand, was observed to have seized the above unfortunate little boy, by the back of his head, but no wound being discovered, danger was not apprehended; however, symptoms of this dreadful disorder afterwards appeared, and from the testimony of a respectable gentleman of the faculty, there is no doubt of his existence terminating under that distressing malady. A dog, belonging to a labouring man of the name of Hurst, at Awkley, near this place, known to have been bitten by the above mad dog, was suffered to run at large, and, dreadful to relate, has since bitten his own child. The dog has been destroyed, but no symptoms having appeared in the child, it is hoped the animal might not have taken the infection.

LATELY was shot, in the parish of Holford, on the Quantock-Hills, about fourteen miles from Taunton, by Henry Sweeting, Esq. a brown eagle, of the male kind. He measured seven feet four inches from the extremity of his wings, and three feet from head to tail; he was discovered whilst hovering over Mr. Sweeting's spaniel, and lived about ten hours after he was shot.

HORSE Cause.—Simeon, Esq. *v.* Plunket, Esq.—This cause came on before

before the Court of King's Bench, the 17th instant. The plaintiff is a master in Chancery, the defendant is a major in the army. This was an action to recover 40l. on the warranty of a horse.

Mr. Garrow, for the plaintiff, stated, that the animal in question was sold to his client by a livery stable-keeper of the name of Neighbour, with the authority of the defendant, under a warranty of soundness. The horse was taken home to the stable of Mr. Simeon, and the next day was gently trotted a few miles. Upon his return the beast was extremely lame, and the limb being examined, the fetlock joint appeared to be much swelled. The learned counsel would call witnesses of unquestionable skill, who would prove that the swelling was not occasioned by any recent injury; but that, on the contrary, the disease was of considerable duration.

Mr. Coleman, an eminent veterinary surgeon, was then called; he said the lameness proceeded from a callous, which originated in a strain. The part injured in its commencement was swelled, yet soft to the touch, but at a more advanced period the tumour became indurated, till at last it was reduced to a state of ossification. The horse in question appeared to have received the injury at a distant period.

Mr. Hall, a member of the Veterinary College, was likewise called, who deposed to the same effect.

Mr. Parke, as counsel for the defendant, contended that the plaintiff had no right to recover, as he had not returned the horse as soon as he discovered the lameness. He said, that even supposing the animal had been returned sooner, yet Mr. Simeon could not be entitled to the verdict of the Jury, because, while it was in the plaintiff's possession, the horse had fallen, and had then received the injury complained of. The learned counsel would preclude all uncertainty, by proving, that before the sale the animal was perfectly sound, and therefore that Major Plunket was entitled to the verdict.

Lord Ellenborough summed up the evidence to the Jury at great length, and stated the simple question for their consideration to be, whether the horse had received the injury which occasioned his lameness before or after the sale to the plaintiff?

The Jury retired for about half an hour, and gave a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages £30 : 10s.

PHEASANTS, &c. — Whitehead v. Darley.—Feb. 17. This action was brought to recover the value of pheasants, &c. bought by the defendant. Mr. Garrow said, that the plaintiff was a dealer in birds. The defendant, Mr. Hill Darley, was a man of fashion and taste; had come to the plaintiff's shop, and stated that he had a seat near Windsor, and that he wanted to stock it with pheasants; and he bought some of them; and took a fancy to a grey parrot also, for which he agreed to pay ready money, seven guineas and a half for the pheasants, and seven guineas for the parrot. He took them into his carriage, and ordered the bill to be delivered to him: it was so; and then, like other men of fashion, he was to take the matter into his consideration; and home he went in his carriage. But he had been considering the matter ever since, for the birds were not yet paid for.

J. Gough, the Plaintiff's foreman, proved the sale and the delivery of the birds to the defendant; and

and he thought they they were to be sold for ready money, as to the pheasants, but not for the parrot.

Sir. V. Gibbs, on the part of the defendant, said, that Mr. Darley had lost £100 by this plaintiff, on account of his having lately been a bankrupt. That he went to his house with his wife, accompanied by a friend, looked out those birds, and agreed to pay for them the price which had been stated. But as to the parrot, he was to take him upon trial; he was to be a talking parrot, and if the family did not like what he said, that is, if he was not chaste and moral as well as copious in his language, they were not to keep him. Mr. Darley took with him the other birds, but upon this express condition, that they were not to be paid for in money, but in such goods as Mr. Darley had in his warehouse, he keeping an extensive furniture warehouse in company with another person in Bond-street. So that dead stock was to be taken for the live one; for which reason it was impossible for the plaintiff to recover in this action.

This case, as opened by Sir V. Gibbs, was completely proved by Mr. Thomas Moreland, an acquaintance of Mr. Darley, who was with him on this occasion at the plaintiff's shop, and corroborated by the evidence of the defendant's home clerk, who swore he had orders from his master to deliver to him goods to the amount of seven guineas and a half, whenever he should call for them.

On which the Jury found a verdict for the defendant.

Dreadful Adventure.—In the course of last Summer a gentleman from the neighbourhood of Dunfermline, acting as a guide to a friend, to view that wonderful display of nature exhibited at the Cauldron Lins, on the Devon Water, a few miles from Kinross, in attempting to pass over the large stones that overhang the first chasm, unfortunately slipped his foot, and fell headlong down the first precipitous descent, wherein the constant dashing of the water from above, for a long series of years, has excavated the solid rock, forming large collateral basons, through the whole of which he was rapidly hurled down to the first lin or cauldron of immeasurable depth of water; here the constant horrific roar forms a perpetual agitating frothy surface, which universally, from every beholder who has the courage to look into it, obtains the appropriate name of boiler. From this last awful situation he was instantly washed down to the second great lin or cauldron, near the bottom of which the water has forced a circuitous narrow passage, forming the great cascade, that projects with such horror through the solid rock, and falls with a tremendous noise to an immense depth in the river below. Most providentially for the gentleman, the descending waters whirled and pitched him on his feet upon a detached piece of the rock, where, upon some recollection of his impending perilous state, and consequent exertion, he balanced himself for near an hour, though up to the chin in water, and until his terrified companion, chilled with fear for the fate of his friend, obtained assistance from the peasantry in the neighbourhood, who immediately collected near the precipice; and with much difficulty, from the weakness of the endangered sufferer below, who of necessity was obliged to pass the ropes that were thrown down to him around his own body, he was happily drawn up from the depths he had fallen into, not less than fifty feet.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE CLERICAL SPORTSMAN.

HARD by the confines of yon hanging wood,
Which casts it lengthen'd shadow o'er the vale,
Bord'ring the silent stream, the calm retreat
A rustic village holds; the modest Church,
Near to its patron's mansion, rears its tow'r
Cloth'd with the ivy's venerable green.
Close to the Gothic fabric's sacred pile,
'Mid shading Elms, the Vicar's neat abode
Looks o'er the landscape down the southern slope,
Where hill, dale, wood, and sunny plain combine
To grace the picture with incessant charms.
The spacious stabling speak the Sportsman plain;
Hounds, pointers, terriers, on the turf recline,
While hunters graze, or, sportive o'er the mead,
Chase in swift circle, and impetuous bound.

Newmarket gruduate he, whose boyish days
Pass'd with his sporting patron in the field,
Scarce gave to learning the poor pittance, meet,
Which College statutes and the Church require.
Hunting the business of his life, no charms
Save of the chase can captivate his breast:
None better knows the foaming horse to guide
O'er the wide champaign, or entangled heath.
When sounds the bugle thro' the lonely glade,
And Echo, minstrel on the mountain top,
Reverberates the noise; when Renard darts
Swift from the cover; and with wary sense,
And tongue expressive of its innate joy,
The hound, sagacious, all his mazy track
Unravels: nothing stops the Vicar's course;
Nor bars, nor hedges, nor impetuous stream
Of rapid river; each obstruction harsh
Yields to his enterprising heat, as snow
Melts at the noon-tide influence of the sun.

Then, when the day declines, and homeward turn
The mighty Nimrods, with the darling spoils,
Tir'd of the chase and studious of repast,
Of dissipated strength the glad racruit;
Cheerful around the social board they sit,
And drown in wine the labours of the day;
Close by his patron shall the Vicar quaff
The cup oblivious, and with glee relate
Each hunting annal of their earlier days,
As oft releas'd from discipline of schools
And college musty statutes, o'er the plain
Eager they gallop'd to the jocund horn,
And won the hard-earn'd honours of the field.

Oft too, when Autumn's morning race begins,
O'er the mown stubble, with destructive tube,
And dog attendant, shall the Vicar tread:
Oft the decaying copse, or lonely wood,
When falls the foliage at the wint'ry storm,
Shall call his footsteps thro' the tangled maze,
To flush the stranger woodcock, or to spring
The painted pheasant, with his varying plumes,
And stop with leaden death their wing'd career.

Such the sole qualities which can endear
The rev'rend Churchman to the sporting Squire,
Who thinks his patronage but ill bestow'd,
Save when by Sportsman Clerical enjoy'd,
Of mind and habits genial to his own:
Nor are these qualities disgraceful, bad,
Or ill-according with the sacred garb,
When meant as relaxation, or to ease
The lab'ring mind, with painful study spent,
Or deep absorption in the learned *tome*;
Oft they conduce to rosy health, recruit
The wasted treasures of the human sense,
Kindle the intellectual flame anew,
And no dishonourable blame impute
To sacred characters, if still perform'd,
With steady zeal, remains the past'ral care.
Better pursue the pleasures of the chase,
The bloodless triumph o'er the timid hare;
Better the whirring partridge to destroy,
With aim unerring, conquests which amuse—
But not contaminate the gownsman's heart—
Than hunt a levee for a vacant stall
With base, compliant humbleness of tone,
And bending gesture, to a wretch who, rais'd
By flatt'ry's servile arts, or varying gale
Of short-liv'd popularity, bestows
The valued living as caprice inspires.

NEW PARODY.

Hamlet, Act III.—Scene I.

TO buy, or not to buy? that is the question;
Whether to live contentedly within
The narrow limits of reduced income,
Or make a stand against increasing debts,
And by the Lott'ry end them—to try one's fate?
To be in Fortune's way? and so to end
The heart-ach, and a thousand haunting fears
Th' insolvent's heir to—'tis a resolution
Instantly to be made: to run the hazard!
Perchance to gain! aye, there's the lucky hit!—
For in that wheel, what to our share may come,
When the safe number's shuffled to the last,
Must give us hope: there's the great odds
That makes a ticket so much worth the purchase!
For who would bear the dearness of the times,
The oppressive tax, the tradesman's cozenage,
The shame of credit gone, the laws arrest,
The insolence of duns, and the base vantage
That griping lenders of the borrower take,
When he himself might an estate secure
With a bare sixteenth? Who in a rack-rent farm,
Would toil and sweat under a lordly steward,
But that the dread of—e'en the first day's drawing—
A fatal blank! whose cruel disappointment
No adventurer survives, shuts up the purse,
And makes us rather bear our present loss,
Than feel still greater that we know not of.
Thus, gambling may make spendthrifts of us all;
And, though the puffing schemes of every office
Be pasted up with the broad glare of capitals,
Yet oft the native hue of bold adventure
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
And we our labour lose.

THE

THE CHICKENO-GULLEYAD.

These Verses are ascribed to J. Wilson, Esq. Magdalen College, Oxford.

SPIRIT of Pollux! whose eye-closing fists,
Laid low the pride of ancient pugilists;
Thou, who when cover'd with immortal scars,
Wert rais'd to Heav'n, a boxer mid the stars;
Whose name was oft invok'd with pious rage,
When first-rate bruisers trod the Roman stage:
If still thy soul in former joys delight,
In skilful sparring, and strait-forward fight;
If the fell chopper, by Mendoza lov'd,
Whose force resistless Ward and Humphries prov'd;
Or the cross-buttock, to great Belcher dear,
Whose name, e'en now, transfixes Burke* with fear.
If daring deeds like these command thy praise,
God of the fistic tribe! inspire my lays;
While to the wond'ring world I strive to tell,
How fought the Chicken, and how Gulley fell!!

The ring was form'd, while betting long and loud,
Like thunder roll'd along the eager crowd:
Some firmly trusting in the fav'rite's fame,
And the dread terrors of his hard earn'd name;
His brawny arm, broad chest, and sinewy thigh;
And the red lightning of his rapid eye;
Saw Gulley's might, in fancy, overthrown,
And bawl'd with hearty curses " two to one!"
The champions stript, when, with indignant frown,
The Chicken crew, and then—knock'd Gulley down.
Six times his prostrate rival rose in vain,
Still as he rose Pearce knock'd him down again.
For eight rounds more, with overwhelming pegs,
He knock'd poor Gulley off his tott'ring legs;
Then smil'd exulting, for the odds were high,
A dozen lev'lling blows make e'en a brave man shy.
Yet, as that giant form, in days of yore,
Whom mother earth with strong convulsions bore,
Rose from each fall with renovated might,
And from each blow grew fresher for the fight—
So dauntless Gulley scorn'd his swelling eyes,
And sable cheeks of more than double size.
When humbling blows his skill could not prevent,
With care polite return'd the compliment;
While cheering murmurs thro' the rabble ran,
And the Duke cried aloud " he'll *null* his man!"
Vain hopes! some adverse fate had thrown the die,
And wound for Pearce's brow the wreath of victory.
Exhausted Gulley, red with glorious gore,
Resign'd the contest at round sixty-four—
Borne from the ring, blind, senseless, deaf, and dumb,
Till his soul felt the power of potent rum.
At each new draught his manly spirit rose,
Laugh'd at each wound, and triumph'd o'er its woes;
With ear prophetic, heard the trump of fame
Extol his feathers red, the hue of game;
And hoped some future day he yet might reign
Lord o'er the Chicken's might, the best cock of the main!

* Not Edmund Burke.

GENEVA.

WHEN Moll has pawn'd her Sunday gear,
What is it dries up ev'ry tear,
And makes her eyes see doubly clear?
Geneva.
When lott'ry troubles cross the brain,
And petticoats are pawn'd in vain,
What is it gives it joy again?
Geneva.

When

When two old gossips chance to meet,
One says, " tis now your turn to treat,
They sell quite good in Stanhope-street,
Geneva."
The other warms her nose with snuff,
And cries, in friendly tone enough,
" *Vell* I'll stand treat *vith* that same stuff,
Geneva."
So fish-fags trot to Billingsgate,
And swear they do not care a skate,
Can they but get—what they don't hate—
Geneva.
Then full of *spirits*, home they hie,
And " Sprats almost alive" they cry;
But drink, as soon as they are dry,
Geneva.
What makes the beggar seem a king?
What makes the old and youthful sing,
Despising what each care might bring?
Geneva.
All this thou dost, O Spirit rare!
But if good folks don't take good care,
Thou 'lt make the head run round in air,
Geneva.

February, 1806. J. M. L.

TO THE SWALLOW.

GAY Herald of the rosy Spring,
Returning now on rapid wing,
Low to sweep the lake or stream
Or bask beneath the sunny beam;
Oh, haste thee, while the softest showers
Are vegetating Nature's flowers,
To animate the insect brood,
And cater thus thy flitt'ring food.
Oh come, and wantonly partake
Of ev'ry banquet Sol can make;
For when exhausted is the store,
I know thou 'lt tarry here no more,
But quickly hie to other skies,
For newer feasts on choicer flies!
So man's frail friends with him remain,
While Summer richly decks his plain;
But, as his Winter blasts come on,
Like you—they instantly are gone!

MILLETTA!

HELLISH COLD, AND DEVILISH HOT.

A Gentleman coming into a Coffee-room said it was hellish cold; but after taking a few glasses of brandy, said 'twas devilish hot.

NED first exclaim'd, 'twas hellish cold,
Then briskly plied the rummer;
Till *swallow* after *swallow* came,
And then he swore '*twas Summer*

DAME GOSSIP'S STORY OF WOE.

COME listen a while to my story of woe,
Which to numberless tears has give birth;
Say, Granny, why art in such hurry to go,
Those little short legs will be buried in snow,
And find but a comfortless birth.

The old wooden bridge t'other day was wash'd down,
Which first gave me this cause to complain;
Our poor little calf that was feeding alone,
And who, had she liv'd, to a cow must have grown,
Will ne'er see its mother again.

Away with the torrent poor Colly was swept,
As she fed on the river's green side;
Ever since have I staid in my cottage and wept,
Nor, since the sad sight, for a moment have slept,
But have sat in this corner, and cried.

At this instant, as if her lost Colly she spied,
On her crutch to the window dame flew;
What is that which I see on the heath's farther side,
Is't the calf that was carried away by the tide,
Or the ghost of the calf that I view?

No, it can't be the calf! then desponding she said,
No! No! I shall ne'er see it more!
'Tis its ghost, that is coming to tell me 'tis dead;
It must be a sprite—then she hastily sped,
And carefully fasten'd the door.

Still nearer and nearer the object now drew,
As though by Dame's cottage 'twould pass;
Granny Grey and Dame Gossip both peep'd out to view,
And both had agreed 'twas a ghost they saw too,
When its braying pronounc'd it an ass.

Kingsland. J. M.